

The Kikuyu "Statement."

ARCHBISHOP DAVIDSON has at last published his long-promised "Statement" on certain of the questions brought forward by the Kikuyu controversy, and, as we have had occasion to devote more than one article to the important issues raised by this controversy, we may for completeness' sake make a few comments on this Statement, which, in a sense, is the final chapter of the episode. This Statement is so called by Archbishop Davidson himself in the consciousness that to take up a more directly administrative position would, if not absolutely beyond his power, at all events have involved him in very serious difficulties. It has, as we have said, been long promised; but in so describing it we have no wish to criticize its author, who could hardly have published it sooner. The Kikuyu Conference itself took place indeed in June, 1913, and the Bishop of Zanzibar's formal letter to the Archbishop charging the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda, who had presided over it, with "propagating heresy and committing schism" was dated in September of that same year. The Archbishop very naturally wished to see the Bishops concerned before deciding how to deal with so extraordinary a situation. But the Bishop of Mombasa was detained in India by ill-health, and, though the Bishop of Uganda, who was in England, had some talks at Lambeth in November, 1913, the Bishop of Zanzibar could not come over to this country till February, 1914. As soon, however, as he was enlightened by the personal explanations of the contending prelates, it must be acknowledged that the Archbishop took, with the greatest promptness, the only step which for the moment was in his power. For on February 9th he wrote and published a letter to the Bishop of Zanzibar, in which he declined to entertain the charge of heresy and schism which the latter had brought against his brother bishops. Such a suit, he declared, would be most unsuitable under the circumstances; but he acknowledged that the situation which had arisen could not be passed over.

The war, he said, which broke out so soon after the Consultative Commission had met together, had laid such heavy demands on his time and strength as to make it absolutely impracticable to prepare the promised statement. But, though some whose opinions were entitled to respect had told him he had better "leave the subject in the limbo whereinto it has in the march of larger events been pushed, and hold my peace," he had felt that, though this would be an easy path to take, it would be unfair to the three devoted missionary bishops, and to the Consultative Body whose advice he had sought and gratefully received. Besides he felt that "though larger and darker objects crowd the field to-day, both in Europe and Africa, what we have learned to call 'Kikuyu questions' are creatures of persistent life, and their future reappearance is assured."

This is an explanation which, as far as it goes, is thoroughly intelligible, but let us see what the nature of the Statement is. The Archbishop laid before the Consultative Commission two points.

The Conference of Missionaries which met at Kikuyu in the summer of 1913 agreed on a "proposed Scheme of Federation of Missionary Societies with a view to the ultimate union of the Native Churches." From the first it had been clearly understood that none of the signatories to this Scheme claimed any power to decide. "The utmost that had been done was to submit to the authorities concerned [that is, to the authorities of the religious Communion and Missionary Societies under which the Protestant missionaries of South Africa worked] what had seemed to the Missionaries in Conference to be feasible proposals in the direction of united action. No Churchman and no Society stands committed; the whole Scheme is still *sub judice*." It is as to the character of the Scheme of Federation thus outlined that the Archbishop proposed his first question: Do the provisions of the proposed Scheme "contravene any principles of Church Order, the observance of which is obligatory on the bishops, clergy, and layworkers of the Church of England, at home and abroad? And if so in what particulars?"

At the close of the Kikuyu Conference the Bishop of Mombasa, assisted by the Bishop of Uganda, celebrated the Holy Communion according to the rite contained in the Book of Common Prayer. Many of the missionaries who communicated at this service were not members of the Church of

England, and had not been episcopally confirmed. All however had taken as the basis of possible federation "the loyal acceptance of the Holy Scripture as our supreme rule of faith and practice, and of the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds as a general expression of fundamental Christian belief." As to this Communion Service which Nonconformists of the different denominations were invited to attend, the Archbishop asks his consultors to say whether, "in consideration of the precedents and special circumstances, it was consistent with or inconsistent with the principles accepted by the Church of England?"

The prelates to whom these questions were submitted agree in their report with the Archbishop, that the motive by which the two presiding Bishops at Kikuyu had been animated was praiseworthy. It was to take "some practical steps towards reunion among the Protestant Missionaries of Africa," and in doing this "to lay emphasis, before the natives of Africa and in the face of Islam, upon what unites rather than upon what separates bodies of Christians." All this, they say, "with the mutual consideration involved and with the united testimony borne to the faith which is enshrined in the Apostles' and the Nicene Creeds, plainly makes for unity; and it is by such methods and by such a temper, more perhaps than by formal organization, that the conditions may be realised in which the end of our efforts and our prayers—a genuine African Church—will be shaped by the Holy Spirit of God according to His Will." Some also of the provisions made in the draft Scheme they praise, but others they judge to be dangerous and to have been drawn up in view of the conditions prevailing in South Africa, without consideration of the effect their acceptance might have on missionary churches in other parts of the world. Of these doubtful provisions they mention three in their report.

1. The Kikuyu Scheme proposed that all recognized as ministers in their own Churches shall be welcomed as visitors to preach in other federated Churches. The Consultative Commission see no harm in this clause, provided it is not considered to convey a right, or more than a concession that with the Bishop's consent the minister of an extraneous communion may on occasion be permitted to address an Anglican congregation. But they think that the terms of the Kikuyu proposal do not sufficiently safeguard this principle of distinction.

2. The Kikuyu Scheme proposes to allow Holy Communion in Anglican Churches to communicants belonging to other denominations. This the Commission regards as a graver matter. Still it would not object to it, if permitted in view of special circumstance by the local Bishop, in the exercise of his pastoral discretion, especially though not exclusively in the mission field. They indicate as their basis for this opinion that the Church of England does not under ordinary circumstances allow Holy Communion to be given to persons not episcopally confirmed; on the other hand "they are aware that exceptions to the rule have been allowed in special cases by many Bishops of weight and learning and of diverse theological positions, in all parts of the Anglican Communion."

3. They note that "it appears to be implied in the proposed Scheme that members of our own [Anglican] Church resident in districts assigned to the care of a non-episcopal mission would communicate in the churches of that mission." At this they draw the line. They describe it as "a definite proposal to which two Bishops of our Communion have been parties . . . it seems to be implied that members of our Church would be encouraged and even expected to communicate in non-episcopal churches. This they cannot regard as consistent with the principles of the Church of England." They neither feel called upon nor desire to pronounce negatively on the value in God's sight of the ministry in other communions, but "Anglican Churchmen must contend for valid ministry as they understand it, and regard themselves as absolutely bound to stipulate for this themselves."

As regards the united Communion Service at the end of the Kikuyu Conference, the Commission consider that it was prompted by an impulse of a deeply Christian kind, and desire to abstain from any expression of judgment about it. But "they feel bound to add that to attempt to treat it as a precedent or to encourage habitual action of that kind must be held inconsistent with principles accepted by the Church of England. . . . It would be subversive of Church Order, it would perplex the minds and distress the consciences of multitudes of loyal Churchmen. So far from promoting unity it would in our judgment rather imperil the measure of unity we now possess and the prospects of the fuller unity for which we pray."

Such were the answers returned to the questions put to

them by the Consultative Commission. The Archbishop in referring to these answers emphasises their "unanimous" character, and informs us that the Commission had before it "a large number of papers and pamphlets and books relating to the matter, also many letters of a semi-official kind which had been written to [him] on the subject by Bishops and others engaged in the work of the Church either in the Foreign Missionary Field or in Christian countries; besides had had prolonged interviews both with the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda, and with the Bishop of Zanzibar." In other words, the opinions expressed in this report are those of a body of Anglican prelates holding a singularly representative character as witnesses to Anglican belief, and speaking with a full knowledge of the facts and principles involved in the controversy.

The Archbishop, in drawing up his Statement, very properly takes upon himself the full responsibility for all its words. But at the same time he acknowledges his indebtedness to these prelates whom he consulted, and in fact he accepts and makes his own every one of their recommendations and criticisms. Indeed his statement is in short but an exposition and expansion of what they had said, with one or two points added for further confirmation. Of these further points one is to show by quoting long passages, either in his text or its appendices, what was said on the question by the last three Lambeth Conferences. In the Conference of 1888 the subject of what is called Home Reunion was seriously taken up, and the resolutions and counsels drafted on that occasion with a direct view to Home Reunion are claimed by the Archbishop as "applicable to fields far away from home and to conditions of Church life which are still immature." This Conference of 1888 resolved in full session that

it earnestly requests the constituted branches of our communion acting, so far as may be, in concert with one another to make it known that they hold themselves in readiness to enter into brotherly conference . . . with the representatives of other Christian Communions in the English-speaking races, in order to consider what steps can be taken either towards corporate reunion, or towards such relations as may prepare the way for fuller organic unity hereafter.

The Conference of 1897, as represented by its "strong committee of Bishops," went a step further in the same direc-

tion, and recommended that the constituted authorities should not merely hold themselves in a state of readiness but "should themselves originate such conferences, and especially arrange for representative meetings for united humiliation and intercession"; whilst the Encyclical Letter of that year recommended that "committees of Bishops appointed everywhere" should take upon themselves this work of originating.

And the last Lambeth Conference, that of 1908, in renewing these previous recommendations did not shrink from suggesting some further details as to what might be permitted during the interval till the other communions in question could be won over to the acceptance of episcopal consecration.

When all these progressive declarations and recommendations are considered is it surprising that the Archbishop of Canterbury should concede to the Bishops at Kikuyu that their Scheme, to use their own words, was "an honest attempt to interpret what [they] believe to be the spirit and intention of the Lambeth Conference, in regard to closer co-operation in the Mission field with the only Churches with which such co-operation is at present possible"?

The other point in the Archbishop's Statement which adds new matter to that brought forward in the Consultative Commission's report, refers to the question of the nature of the Federation recommended at Kikuyu. It is indeed remarkable that the Consultative Commission should not have taken fuller objection to this feature in the Kikuyu Scheme. If this Scheme becomes operative, says the Archbishop, "there is to be a representative Council which is not merely to be advisory and consultative, but also executive, except in matters pertaining to the internal policy of the different churches and societies," and according to the sixth of the Fundamental Provisions "the function of the Council is to manage affairs until such time as the Native Church can do that for itself." This is a very serious matter, and it is remarkable that the Consultative Commission did not lay more stress on its inconveniences. The Archbishop's comment is searching.

To create a Federation of that sort, whatever the internal autonomy of its constituent parts is obviously a step of considerable importance, and there is, I think, a very real difficulty in regarding it as possible that one section of a great communion should thus federate itself with some of those outside, without thereby compromising, or at least affecting, the life and organi-

sation of the whole communion or society of which it is a part. Transfer the thought from ecclesiastical to national life. Could Devonshire be federated, say, with Normandy without compromising England? And would the difficulty be overcome by leaving to Devonshire such local autonomy as it has?

Such is the substance of this Statement of the Archbishop of Canterbury for which Anglican Churchmen have been waiting so long. Judged by the standard of Anglican formularies, Anglican traditions, and the direction taken by the recent Anglican movement towards what is called Christian Reunion, we do not see how any other kind of decision or direction, whatever we are to call it, could have been expected. The Kikuyu Scheme in its general outline was, as the Archbishop has shown, prompted and guided by resolutions and exhortations that have emanated from the last three Lambeth Conferences. If we compare it with these resolutions and the explanations attached to them it certainly seems to conform faithfully to the type set. And if among the details there were a few provisions in conflict with some of the Anglican formularies, the Archbishop and his consultant Bishops were quick to detect the danger and withhold their approval.

At the same time it is easy to understand why the Statement is so unpalatable as it is to the High Church party. In short, implying as it does by the reserve of its language that, whilst for legal reasons it hesitates to sanction the participation by Anglicans in Nonconformist sacraments, it does not recognize that sacraments of this latter kind are positively invalid. Indeed, the Archbishop of Canterbury makes the tell-tale admission that he avoids calling them invalid because "the word 'invalid' has, except when applied to physical health, drifted far from the original form of the Latin adjective." This is a point of the highest importance. If the retention of a threefold hierarchy is merely a question of Church Order one can understand how it may be venerated for its apostolic origin and cherished for all the devout associations that have gathered round it in the course of ages. And yet if it is not regarded as the indispensable channel of sacramental grace, it is intelligible that it should not be deemed absolutely necessary for valid communions, especially by members of a Church which finds the chief evidence of a divine ministry in what is called spiritual experience, rather than in historical witness. And in this way one can understand how Kikuyu

federations and Kikuyu communions may come to be regarded as valuable methods of healing the religious separations which, especially in missionary countries, are felt to be so scandalous. If, on the other hand, a section of Anglicans believe in the hierarchy primarily as the channel of sacramental grace, particularly of the grace and power to consecrate the Holy Eucharist, it must be painful indeed for them to see high authorities of their Church practically condoning communions that to their minds cannot be really such. And for this party there is the further subject for disappointment that, whereas the reunion movement which has been taken up so widely, originated with them and sprang from their desire for reunion with the "ancient churches," now that it has become popular it should be thus deflected from its original aim, and made to subserve schemes of reunion with sects whom they regard as incapable of being incorporated.

But there is an omission in this newly-published Statement which does not seem to have attracted much attention so far, yet is surely the most significant feature of all in its character as an attempted settlement of the Kikuyu Controversy. It will be remembered that, in the letter addressed by the Bishop of Zanzibar to the Bishop of St. Albans which started the controversy, there were three grounds of accusation which the writer brought against the Bishops of his Communion at home. Of these the first, and, as most people considered, the gravest, was the tolerance shown in England by the Bishops of England to the open denial by their clergy of some of the fundamental articles of the Christian faith. This was said with special reference to the volume entitled *Foundations* that had just appeared, being written by a small group of clergy with the object of maintaining a certain view of Christian doctrine of which the Bishop of Zanzibar gave a short outline. It is not necessary to go into details on this subject now, but to revive in our memories the character of the indictment it is enough to cite a few of the objectionable propositions advocated in that book, as that "Christ did not come into the world to die for us, but having come He died because of the circumstances of the case"; that "He was mistaken in what He taught about His Second Advent, thinking that the world would not outlast St. John"; that therefore "He did not found a Church nor ordain sacraments"; that "His body has gone to corruption"; that "there is no authority in the Church beyond the corporate witness of the

saints, many of whom are now unknown, to the spiritual and moral value of the Christian religion." It is obviously impossible to reconcile opinions of this sort with the very essentials of Christianity as it has always been understood, yet it was the complaint of the Bishop of Zanzibar in the letter in question, that, whilst an Anglican clergyman was called to order at once by his Bishop for praying to the saints, the Anglican Bishops in England as a body make no difficulty in tolerating, along with the Kikuyu Scheme of Federation, the open advocacy of opinions such as those given even by clergymen holding posts of high responsibility, the editor of *Foundations* being actually at the time of its publication examining chaplain to the Bishop of St. Albans—and we may now add since promoted to a canonry at Hereford, apparently in direct consequence of his editorship of *Foundations*. Is it not most significant that in his recent Statement the Archbishop of Canterbury can note with approval that the Kikuyu Scheme of Federation requires of the would-be recipient the loyal acceptance of the Holy Scriptures as our supreme rule of faith and practice—of the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds as a general expression of fundamental Christian belief, and in particular the absolute authority of Holy Scripture as the Word of God—in the Deity of Jesus Christ—and in the atoning death of our Lord as the ground of forgiveness: and yet pass over unnoticed the repudiation of all these doctrines by prominent ecclesiastics at home with the passive connivance of their Bishops? Is it not inexplicable that the same prelates should make difficulties in the mission field about a few questions of what they deem to be ecclesiastical order, which is, at all events, comparatively a minor matter, whilst at home they can condone the surrender by those whom they appoint to teach their people, of doctrines that appertain to the very root of all Christian belief?

S. F. S.

God's Own Child.

PERHAPS before he came he was not very much wanted, for then he was only a ninth little body on the already overthronged hearth, a tenth hungry mouth to feed, and that without counting the mother's own. But like all Irish babies he brought his own welcome with him, and no sooner was he installed in the box cradle by the fire than he became the most important person in the house. Yet, as the months went on, his mother noticed that he was not as the other children had been.

"I don't know how it is," she said one evening to her husband, when they were alone together in the kitchen, and Mikey lay upon her lap, wizened-faced, with great black eyes staring unseeingly before him. "I don't know how it is with the child, he's not winnin' as the others was, and them his age."

"True for you." The elder Michael Murphy looked down at the little son who had been named after him, and he moved the hard, brown finger that the tiny hand was clasping but lightly. "He's in no ways drawin' as the others was. You'd say now there's nothin' enticin' as might be an' him goin' on six months old."

So by degrees they had their eyes opened to the truth, but it was not until the boy was a full year old that they faced and accepted what was to be. Mikey, their youngest boy, was God's own child. No matter how long he might live on earth it would always be as a child that God would have him back, for he never would grow up, he'd be an innocent always, and never know sin.

They did not think of him as a burden, this ever helpless son of theirs, but only as one for whom God Almighty had a special wish, and before the inevitable passage of time had let the neighbours into their secret, the affliction of Mikey had assumed a new aspect for his parents. His coming had brought them luck. Certainly the week he was born the Union had voted them a labourer's cottage, and this unexpectedly, for though they had put in for it years ago, there

were many who were before them on the list. Then Johnnie, the eldest, had been taken on to run messages at the shop, and though he did not earn much at first, the feeding he got there was putting bone into him for the future. The twin girls, who came next to Johnnie, were promoted about the same time to the crochet class, and soon they were earning what got a pair of boots for the two of them before the end of the year. All, too, from this on, with the exception of poor Mikey himself, had the best of health, and though Mrs. Murphy had never had very much to complain of as regarded the mis-spending of her husband's wages, still, since they moved into the new cottage he had had so many useful things to spend his extra shillings upon, that not a penny had gone into the publican's till, to the betterment both of his temper and his health.

In fact, from the time that Mike came to them, the Murphys' prosperity increased until their name came in the parish to be a synonym for happiness and comfort. Of course there were times when the boy's infirmity brought sharp pangs to his mother. When others of his age were preparing for the Sacraments, and he alone was left behind, then she had to repeat with her lips until her heart truly felt it too. "But welcome be the will of God."

Vainly she tried to teach him the simplest prayers, but as she told the curate, sadly, "'Twas the memory that failed on him, for mostly always he'll disremember even the Lord's prayer, and when I go for to make him bless himself," and she touched her left shoulder with her hand, "'tis frequently here he'll leave the Son." The sigh that rose to her lips was quickly checked. "But welcome be the will of God."

The fact of the boy's infirmity was the only blot on the immediate happiness of the Murphy family, but when Mikey was ten years old, and the elder boys had begun to earn men's wages, the return to the parish of Michael's stepmother with his stepbrother, a lad not as old as some of his own sons, brought trouble to them that they felt bitterly.

The truth was that the boy had been thoroughly spoiled by his mother and her people, and had got into hopelessly bad company at home, so as a last resource, the old woman had come back to her late husband's parish, hoping that Paddy would make a fresh start when there was no one to keep hunger from the door but himself.

Michael Murphy had not much patience with his brother,

though he was quite willing to give him employment on the part of the grass ranch that had, by this, fallen to his share, but his wife found a warm corner in her heart for Paddy, because of his kindness, from the very first, to little Mike. And Mikey, with one of those queer reasonless impulses by which such as he are governed, attached himself to Paddy with doglike fidelity. The boy had been reared in a village where the sea was more important than the land, and in his new home, it was to the boats he went far more willingly than to the fields, and Mikey, too, was well content to sit for hours in the old curragh that Paddy had patched up, smiling placidly, whether the day was good for fishing or not, and laughing always and stretching out his hands when the big seabirds swept down, uttering their harsh cries, and almost sweeping their white wings in the face of the little lad of whom they had no fear, as he sat by himself in the bows of the little craft. Drunk or sober, Paddy was good to Mike, which, as time went on, was lucky, for in his new home, as in his old, he was soon as often one as the other.

There was no doubt but that he was drunk that last night that ever he went out to sea with Mikey, and the curragh overturned on the rocks beyond the mouth of the bay. In his right senses he would never have gone out on such a night, for the waves were white beyond Inishglora, and he was too good a seaman not to know that white out there meant danger to a stronger craft than Michael Murphy's curragh.

Mikey, smiling and unconscious of anything wrong, followed his uncle to the beach, and snuggled down in his accustomed place, whilst Paddy, from long habit, pushed out the curragh and fixed the oars right on the tholepins that do duty for rowlocks in these western crafts. He may have thought that he was going out to where the lobster-pots were lying in the shelter of the rocks, but wind and wave were too strong for him, and the boat drifted out and out, till Mikey crooned to himself in delight as the soft whiteness of the sea foam came over his face, caressingly. It may be that by this Paddy Murphy began to realize his danger, or perhaps he was too stupid from drink to know that he was completely in the power of the sea, until the boat, flying down and down the shining green side of a mountainous wave, failed to ride the breaker ahead of her, and the shock of the water over and under and all round about him, sobered him on the instant.

Afterwards he told Mikey's mother of what he knew had happened.

"'Twas down in the trough of the wave that the curragh turned herself over on us, and coming up out of the water I seen the little chap not half a dozen strokes away. He was going down again when I caught him by the collar, and holding on to the boat myself, I told him to hold on too and to let loose my coat that he had in his hands. I took them little hands so soon as I got a hold of the side of the curragh and I fixed them on a rib of her, where the canvas was all tore asunder. I knew from that the rocks wasn't far away, and I thought if we could hold a while we'd get into shallow waters and be safe. . . . If we'd stopped down in the trough we might have kept that way long enough, but the next breaker wasn't nigh as high as the one that broke us, and it took us up with it. . . . I had a hold of Mikey, for the little hands of him couldn't have kept him up, their lone, not if the bit that was left of the curragh had been up to the weight of half a dozen of us. But it wasn't that, nor was it up to the weight of the two of us. I saw that, an' we rising, for the water was over our heads long and longer, but he was in it still, and we coming up, holding just as I bid him, to the bared rib. I knew then we couldn't, the two of us, stop on it, and it's God's truth I'm telling you, that I says to him, 'Mikey,' says I, 'hold on me man,' says I, 'and never you let quit of the old boat till I comes back to you.' Well he looks at me, and 'Aye,' says he. I thought for to let him have the safety that there was by the boat, and to leave go myself, for wasn't it me that had brought him to it. The tide had swept us to where the breakers was considerable less, and I thought to have him let go his hold of me so as I could swim and bring the two of us out of it. So when he said his 'aye' I loosed him, when down there comes a white sea bird, with the wings of her blinding the eyes of us in their sweep. 'God have mercy,' says I, and with that I opens my eyes that the wind of them wings had shut, but Mikey, he wasn't in it. Clean and clever he was gone. You'll be saying it was into the sea he went, but may I never see the lights of Heaven, if I don't believe that it was no right sea bird that was in it, but the white wings of Mikey's angel that had come to take him back to God."

And they never found the little body, so the thought given voice to by Paddy, the survivor, crept into the public be-

lief. Mikey Murphy had ever been the child of God's own choice, and if He chose to take him back in that way, why wouldn't He?

There were some who said, amongst themselves, that wasn't it well for the Murphys not to be left with a child that was no use to himself or to others, but no one ever knew the lonesome heart his mother had for Mikey. The others, as they grew up, had gone to school and fended for themselves, but Mikey always was helpless for his mother, and never, night or day, till Paddy came, was he far from her side. And for years the house was empty to her for the patter of uncertain feet, and her ears were strained for the senseless crooning that used to come from Mikey, by the hour.

His father thought maybe their luck would go again with Mikey, but his mother knew his prayers in Heaven would bring them all they'd need. Nor was she wrong in this, for all of them that had been good to little Mikey seemed to have the blessing of God about them ever. Even Paddy, who had brought him to his death, even for Paddy, Mikey must have prayed in Heaven, for everyone knows it is no easy task to cure the taste for drink when once a man has let it get him, but because of Mikey, this was done by Paddy Murphy. Mikey's mother saw him take the pledge, and what she could do, she did to help him in the keeping of it. It was hard enough at times, but going so near to death, as Paddy had done that day down in the sea, he seemed to have learnt that any trouble is worth it, when it is for the saving of your soul. And he wanted to see Mikey again, to tell him that he'd have saved him if he could, that he hadn't meant to keep his own life and lose the boy's, and trying to keep on the straight way to Heaven, Paddy Murphy prayed sometimes to the soul of the innocent who had never known sin.

Then it was that the luck which never left the Michael Murphys, after the coming of Mikey, passed on until it took in Paddy too, and there's not a better nor a happier home in all the parish to-day than the one that sheltered for a time the innocent boy, who was God's own child.

ALICE DEASE.

THE GARDEN OF GOD.

Do you know that God walks as of old
In a garden at close of the day?
It is there that His secrets are told,
It is there that His innocents play.

A whisper runs by in the grass—
A rustle breaks out of the wood—
The wind of His garments that pass,
The stir of the place where He stood.

The air in caressing your cheek
Arresting cool fingers will lay,
You turn to implore Him to speak—
Reach out to entreat Him to stay.

His steps precede yours up the path;
In the silence He answers your sighs;
You feel as you lie in the math
The watching unseen of His eyes.

You know as you linger to look
Where the dim waters silently move,
That His image withdrew from the brook
The instant you stooped from above.

Where the fan of the chestnut expands
He beckons you yearly to see
The wonderful works of His hands,
As a sample of glory to be.

The thrush, ere the sunrise, may mark
What must ever escape human eyes;
Inspired is the pæan of the lark
By something no mortal describes.

The raindrops a-shake in a flower
Are tears for the Paradise barred
Where God walked in the evening hour,
Ere the gateways were placed under ward.

For by sin the dull senses are held,
And we know Him not, though He has stood
In our midst oft enough as of eld,
His Creation appraising as good.

MOTHER ST. JEROME.

The Opposition to the Archpriest Blackwell.
1598—1600.

IN this parliamentary age we so clearly recognize the dignity of a rival party to that in office, and of its importance for good government, that we sometimes term it, by a happy paradox, "His Majesty's Opposition." But in the Elizabethan age, when absolutism was everywhere in the ascendant, among Catholics as among Protestants, our paradox would have been rejected with horror as dangerous nonsense, if not treason. And so it came that the English Church government which the Pope set up in 1598, began almost naturally to regard its opponents as rebels and schismatics; while the non-contents almost as inevitably described the government as tyrants and oppressors. They could hardly judge otherwise. But it must be our task to take the maturer view. We must study how, in the give and take of debate, crude ideas grew towards maturity, and extravagant projects were gradually discarded, how the opposition to Blackwell, wayward and reprehensible though it often was in details, is at last found to have had a genuine constitutional value.

That opposition, having grown out of the "Stirs of Wisbech" in 1595, had the double advantage of being organized and in the field before the appearance of the Archpriest. But with this came the disadvantages of being considered contentious and devoid of worthy purpose. So after a time, at the end of 1596, the idea occurred to its members that they too would arrange plans, as the majority of the prisoners in the Castle had done, in order to obtain some positive benefits. They thought of setting up "Associations," in which they would enrol priests outside, as well as inside the prison walls. This would not only facilitate the gathering of alms and mutual self-help in many ways, it would also indirectly turn their minority into a majority.

On paper their proposals had very much to commend them; but the student of Church law will notice one grave de-

fect. The organization, though intended to govern the clergy, had no dependence on the higher powers of the Church, through whom alone jurisdiction for Church rule is derived. Everything was to be decided by the votes of the "Associates." They chose their "Rectors" for a short term of office, and they might also depose them. Even when, at a later period, the question of Bishops for England began to be debated, the Associators proposed that they too should depend on the votes of the clergy. Rome would never have accepted that programme; it would, on the contrary, inevitably regard its proposers with suspicion.

In point of fact, however, the projected Association never reached maturity through difficulties of a more commonplace kind. Organization meant correspondence, meetings, parties, all which in those days were fraught with grave danger; and the Catholic gentry, whose houses were the sole refuges for the Catholic clergy, declared that "they were most desirous that the actions of priests should not extend beyond their spiritual function." Whereupon, to use Bagshaw's words, "The device of associating priests was utterly disliked and left off." This took place about September, 1597.¹

The proposed "Associations" therefore came to nothing, but the debates about them had this unfortunate effect, that as soon as Blackwell received his new authority, he found himself at once faced by a well-organized, but bitter and resentful opposition. And it will be well to introduce formally the three leaders of that opposition, John Colleton, Christopher Bagshaw and John Mush; for they have characters not easy to understand, especially if one considers them as opponents only. Let us begin with the last-named.

John Mush was a sturdy, straightforward Yorkshireman, pious and honest, strong and hearty. Though he was extremely irascible, and often obstinate and rude, he was of all the party the most human. Storms of anger may sweep over him, as over the rest, but they have not the frankness to let us see in their correspondence the return to greater sobriety and higher aspirations as Mush does. He had been brought up by the Jesuits, and so long as he was in touch with them, so loved and admired them that he asked to be admitted to their Society, and was refused with regret by Father

¹ *Archpriest Controversy*, i. 205. The rules of the Association, Stonyhurst, *Angl.* ii. 32.

Aquaviva, in a still extant letter, on the score that, as the need of labourers for England was instant, it was Mush's duty to return at once: he was, however, made a participant in all the merits of the Order. What steps led him downwards from these amiable dispositions we do not know; but at this moment he had been infuriated by the ne'er-do-well, Robert Fisher, who calumniously told him that the Jesuits held him responsible for the late troubles at the English College. Still his heart was not hardened, and next year Garnet describes him as "blunt but kindly, as is his wont," though after that there were worse quarrels still: but even when temper is hottest, we also see better tendencies at work. Changes for the better, made by the Appellant party, are again and again first formulated by Mush. It may be that the recovery of his side from the orgies of passion and malevolence, to which so many of his companions gave way, was chiefly due to John Mush's fidelity to what was spiritual in his vocation.

Christopher Bagshaw had a still more complex, puzzling character. The attractive features were power, wit, the gift of leadership, and devotion to his friends: the repellent were a quick temper, a bitter tongue, and an unforgiving nature. But for his conversion he might very possibly have risen to eminence at Oxford, or at the bar, or as a politician. But his character and training accorded less well with the necessarily humble and much enduring life, which the English missionary of that day had to lead. Suffering made him, not meeker, but more irritable.

As I have already given some description of the man in this magazine¹ I need only say here that, after having enrolled himself in the "Welsh" party under Morgan and Paget, he was arrested as soon as he landed in England, with a cipher on him for correspondence with Paget. This led to his imprisonment in the Tower, and then at Wisbech, until the time of which we are writing, without the mellowing influence of even one day of missionary life. He did not, therefore, owe his leadership to any special achievement, nor do his letters, much less his books, explain it. But of the fact no doubt can be felt by those that will look into his correspondence, now preserved in the Petyt MSS. in the Inner Temple Library, and elsewhere. Some write asking advice, to which they promise obedience beforehand; some send papers to be corrected or revised; some send him alms with

¹ THE MONTH, July, 1912.

genuine regret they cannot do more, and attest their love and respect in scores of little ways.

On the other hand, his bitter tongue and violent quarrels, in which he courted the aid of Protestants, made some worthy people think that such a man must surely in the end go back to the Protestant side.¹ But Bagshaw's uprisings against Catholics in immediate contact with him, did not come from readiness to quarrel with the Church itself, but from the hot, unreasoning assumption that his cause must be that of the Church itself. To understand Bagshaw in fact—and *mutatis mutandis* the same thing holds true for both sides of the Appellant struggle—one must keep constantly reminding oneself that Englishmen of later sixteenth century were far more emotional than they are now. And, if they show this to our admiration in their poetry, their loyalty, their religion, we should not be scandalized if, in their politics, controversies, and conflicts, they show anger and quarrelsomeness in an equally marked degree.

As Mush was the standard-bearer of the sacerdotal and spiritual virtues of the Appellant party, while Bagshaw enkindled their emotions and inspired their ideas, so it was Colleton to whom that party looked for an example of steadfastness and moderation, qualities which count for very much in a clerical leader. Not a man of brilliant talents or exceptionally lofty principles, he was of good average abilities, controlled his temper, and never demeaned himself by coarse abuse. His books, nevertheless, display him to us as a somewhat dour, heavy person, incapable of sympathy, of compromise, or of comprehending an opponent's position. He had at first entered among the Carthusians, but had not the strength for that very austere life, and thereafter he devoted his fairly ample means to the relief of poor Catholics, and he was especially generous to Bagshaw and his friends. He was also able to live in London, and to pay the fees of letter carriers, which few other priests could do. These advantages, though they do not account for his leadership, helped him materially to keep up his position, which he was destined to preserve till the end of a very long life.

We must now study the reception of the new Government by the "Associators." As soon as Blackwell had received the *Letters Constitutive* (May 9, 1598), he asked Colleton to come and see them, and to bring two of his party with him.

¹ A.C. i. 122; *Jesuits and Seculars*, p. 150.

He came with Robert Charnock on the 12th, and read the letters; but to Blackwell's annoyance, demurred to accepting them. Indeed, "He used so hardly my patience," wrote the Archpriest that same evening to Garnet, "with such words for the proceedings of our superior, the Protector, in this order, that I was enforced to leave my accustomed temper in speech, and to deal after an austere manner, albeit but by way of advice." Charnock, though more temperate, told him "they were now in a collection of voices for a Government here, and a Superior," that is, they were about to set up a Government of their own. Blackwell told them he was ready to allow any exceptions against himself to be sent to Rome, "and I am content to leave [my post] at the word of my superior." But he strongly "dehorted" attempts to question the authority itself, or the clear orders of the Cardinal Protector. "But I fear they will proceed, God give them the spirit of unity."¹

This start was certainly of bad omen. If the opposition of the Associators was not predetermined, it was adopted with lamentable facility: and equally regrettable was the Archpriest's ready departure from "his accustomed temper of speech." These were destined to be the ever-recurring features of the four years of combat which follow.

It naturally took the leaders and their friends some time to decide in detail what course they should now follow. They did not proceed with the Association or the election of their own Superior, but they soon began to organize, agitate, and beg for funds, with so much vigour that Blackwell felt constrained to forbid "meetings" for this purpose. As to their cause, they represented it as follows: It was the Cardinal Protector, not the Pope, who had set up the archipresbyterate. They knew of no precedent for this, and thought his action suspicious. Moreover, several of their number had been at variance with a Cardinal Protector before during the troubles at the English College, Rome; and the scholars had then managed to play him off, or to evade his orders, as has been explained before. Why not try the same manœuvres again? Some returning scholars told them, on the assertions of the Roman gossips, that these late orders (which indeed only professed to be temporary), would not be confirmed by the Pope unless they were well received in England. In demurring to accept them under these circumstances, they

¹ Blackwell to Garnet, 12 May, 1598. Stonyhurst MSS. *Angl.* ii. 53.

seemed to themselves to be acting within their rights. In reality, however, these rumours had no satisfactory foundation; and the non-contents (whatever their *bona fides*), were in truth resisting a decree which was sufficiently promulgated. "You ought in sooth to have submitted to your superior, and to have obeyed him," was the Pope's comment in the brief of August, 1601.¹

At last they asked for dimissorial letters from Blackwell in order that Charnock and Bishop might proceed to Rome, *ad melius informandum Sanctissimum*, and received an answer, dated August 17th, that he would not prohibit it, though he thought the reasons were of no force.² Thus there was no formal "appeal"; but still it is usual to call this "stand off" the first Appeal, in view of what followed later. The two envoys were at the time generally called "Messengers" or "Envoys."

On August 22nd Blackwell wrote to ask Doctors Bagshaw and Bluet, the leaders of the party at Wisbech, whether they acknowledged his authority, and received a refusal couched in language of studied rudeness. Blackwell had addressed them as "Reverend Fathers and Brothers"; Bagshaw in answer drops the word "Father"; Bluet drops the word "Reverend" as well; and both use the belittling "tu" for Blackwell's polite "vos." Bagshaw asks him why he "obtrudes the Cardinal's institutions or your superiority upon us, who ignore and reject it." Bluet adds, "If by chance a child of this world creeps by fraud into primacy and power; know that the sentence of Rome, in cases of subreption, may be changed for the better," etc., etc.³

More moderate and more important were the letters consigned to the envoys when they started for Rome. The party then counted nearly thirty, and they sent eight letters, bearing in all twelve signatures, with their attestations of support from three more who would not sign.⁴ The prime objects for which the envoys were to work are indicated in the following decidedly imperious prayers: "The Archipresbyterate of Master Blackwell, being neither asked for, nor useful—

¹ See Charnock's letter, A.C. i. 73. Undated, but presumably the earliest statement we have of the Appellants' cause.

² Persons, *Apologie*, 130 b; and R.O., D.E. 275, n. 155-6.

³ A.C. i. 75-78. The probable explanation for this rudeness is that they thought Blackwell was a Jesuit in disguise, and so fair game.

⁴ There are copies of these Stonyhurst MSS. *Angl.* ii. 47. Bagshaw's letter is also in the Petyt MSS., printed in A.C. i. 148. The words to be quoted immediately are from the prologue.

is to be revoked. . . . A hierarchy, approved by the free votes of the seminarists and by them alone, is to be instituted," etc., etc.

The actual petitions may be grouped under three heads. The substitution of a Bishop for an Archpriest, and the petitioners proceeded at once to vote for him, naming almost exclusively the leaders of their own side. Secondly, they have their thrust at the Jesuits, asking that the English College, Rome, should no longer be a prey to dissensions; by which in reality they mean that the Jesuits were to be ousted, and the disturbers given the command. Thirdly, they beg a decree against books which irritate the State. But how could the Holy See pledge itself to prohibit books offensive to a State which punished orthodoxy as a treason worse than any political offence? Besides, who could help suspecting that this was in reality a feint to draw the Pope into the Appellants' quarrel with the Catholic pro-Spaniards?

Here we must pause in our history to face a question which will loom large later on in our story. It was then asked whether the initial refusal to acknowledge Blackwell was not schism, properly so called? Now that we have seen something of the principal papers of this period, we should do well to ask ourselves whether those papers make for an affirmative or negative answer.

1. It seems true that the Appellants went much further in their "stand off" than is generally stated. The letters of Bagshaw are deplorably rude, disrespectful and disobedient, and *nowhere* at this period does one see a trace of "mere standing off until the voice of the Pope is heard." On the contrary, it would *seem* that nothing would satisfy them except their own way in full. On reflection, we can now, of course, see that there was a predominant resolution to accept the Pope's orders, whatever they should be; but considering the first utterances of the Appellant party, we cannot *seriously* blame Blackwell's followers for thinking, at the beginning, that the predominant motive of the Appellants' action was obstinate adherence to their own ideas.

2. Again the dissentients were clearly in error on some important points. For instance, they thought that the secular clergy should elect their own head. This was an *erroneous principle*. The Church is not a priestly aristocracy, but

a monarchy; the headship resting with the Bishop of Rome. None of the Appellants would have questioned that for a moment, in an heretical sense. What they meant was possibly this, that the right in England to elect Bishops had for centuries been vested in the cathedral chapters, and that on their dispersion the right had reverted to the *digniores* among the clergy, under which term of course they would mean themselves.¹ In the same self-confidence they calmly claimed the benefit of the old canon, *Nullus invitis detur episcopus*, as if their little band were absolutely the whole of England.

3. There was then from the first some confusion of principles, some rudeness, some disrespectfulness to properly constituted authority. In one of our next paragraphs we shall meet with another serious failing. But in none of these is the excess committed exorbitant; there are always circumstances which excuse. In none, therefore, is there a grave breach with the government of the Church, nor is there even the danger of such a breach. One does not see how a severe censure, like that of schism, properly so called, can possibly be passed upon them. Irritating they were, passionate and obstinate. They stuck grimly and for years to some of their errors, as for instance to this claim for a right to elect. They did themselves harm at Rome, and then imputed their misfortunes to others. But, taking them as a party, there was never a tendency to split from the main body of the Church. Occasionally, or for a moment, the passionate acts of one or two seemed to tend in that direction; but party discipline was not only steadfast on the right side, it was also strong enough to carry vacillators with it, when the critical moments came. Those who talked of the Appellants as schismatics did their own side very bad service.

Attention must again be directed to the danger which underlay the third petition of the Appellants (*viz.*, that books should be prohibited which irritated the State). The danger was that among partisans this principle should become current,—that it was allowable to work for the favour of the persecutors, by *denouncing or otherwise prejudicing fellow-*

¹ This is evidently the conclusion to be drawn from Bishop's final letter from Rome, 20 February, 1599, to Bagshaw, "As for that point of free election, it hath place where there is a Dean and Chapter, which failing with us, the right of election revolveth to him that hath charge of the flock [*i.e.* the Pope]." A.C. i. 124. A certain English respect for their old law of *premunire* also induced a certain number to look askance at any nominations from Rome.

Catholics on the score of party or political differences. An example of this occurred a month or so after the envoys started.

On October 7th, Dr. Bagshaw was sent for by the Council and charged with being a party to Squire's plot. This was a ridiculous story, alleging, for instance, that Persons and Bagshaw had conspired to use the said Squire to poison the pommel of the Queen's saddle. Nonsensical, however, as this may seem to us, it was the sort of fiction which commended itself highly to the credulous of the sixteenth century; and Bagshaw himself, while stoutly maintaining his innocence, accepted without demur all those parts of the fable which made against Father Persons, and regarded him as having brought his (Bagshaw's) life into danger. Moreover, his friend Bluet, in revenge, charged Weston, before the Protestant keeper, with being a pro-Spaniard, and some thought that Bagshaw did something similar, but this is not clear. Anyway, the result of the denunciation was that Weston, and four others of his party at Wisbech, were now carried to the Tower, threatened with death, and left to linger there under very severe treatment, which cost the Jesuit much suffering and almost total blindness. Bagshaw, on the contrary, now figured as a *persona grata* to the persecutors. He was able to procure special favours for men of his own party. He communicated to Bishop Bancroft all manner of papers about the Catholic quarrels, and aided the Bishop in planning a book about them. He also promised Bancroft to prosecute the appeal to Rome, "not weighing or respecting any sentence, judgment or action to the contrary."¹ A strangely suspicious pledge for the leader of a Catholic party to give to the official leader of the enemies of his Faith. This was, no question, a bad case of currying favour with the persecutors, *in præjudicium Catholicorum*. Still there was probably no *malice prepense*; Bluet spoke with tears in his eyes, and his charges were for him mere commonplaces; so too were words of wrath on Bagshaw's tongue.

Almost simultaneously with this grave fault on the side of the Appellants, came a very serious offence from a friend of the Archpriest. The offender was a Jesuit Father, Father Thomas Lister, who had recently finished a successful course of theology, though Father Garnet had found him a difficult

¹ For Bluet's charges see *Apologie*, 152, and Petyt MS. 538, v. 38, f. 399. For Bagshaw's papers, A.C. i. 210, etc.

person to manage. He now composed an MS. tract of eleven pages called *Adversus Factiosos in Ecclesia*, which after a time became known as *Lister on Schism*.

Both his reasons and conclusions contain exaggerations characteristic of the day. As Elizabeth's justices ruled that attempts against the Queen's Ministers were really treason against the Sovereign, so does Father Lister declare that sedition against the magistrate is sedition against the supreme power, whether in Church or State; whence he concludes that those who defy Blackwell are schismatics properly so called, and fall under the penalties of suspension and excommunication. Gross exaggerations of a theorist destined, after a time, to react disastrously on the cause they were meant to support. For the present, however, the little essay remained unknown. It was a book of principles, it named no persons, it kept to generalities, it was not addressed to the public, but was written in Latin for a fellow-priest, who had begged his opinion on the subject.¹

Whilst these things were happening in England, though without attracting notice, Bishop and Charnock were busy in Paris, but again so quietly, that we cannot give much account of their doings. Their main object seems to have been to secure the powerful support of the French king, who was always ready to befriend any adversary of Spain. Father Persons, on hearing of this, appreciated the danger so well that he wrote to the Pope, then at Ferrara, on October 24th, begging that, if the envoys came to plead their cause there, nothing should be settled until the Cardinal Protector had been consulted.² In point of fact, however, no French support could be gained. So the Appellants went on once more, and reached the English Hospice, Rome, on December 11th, 1598.

The Pope, who was not yet back from Ferrara, had declared that their journey was very displeasing to him; and that if they persevered, he would cause them to be imprisoned. Indeed it is strange to see how many (except Persons, as his letter above shows), took it for granted from the first that severity would be used. Even Cardinal Camillo Borghese, who was to some extent in the French interest, and had been kind to the recalcitrant scholars in

¹ Law, *Jesuits and Seculars*, pp. 143, 150.

² *Estratto di lettera del Padre Personio*, 24, Ottobre, 1598. R.O., Bliss, 112, from Borghese MSS. iii. 124 g.

previous years, now shook his head, and Clement was no sooner back than, on St. Thomas' Vespers, the last day of the Christmas festivities, Don Accarizio was sent round to the lodgings of the envoys, and whisked them off in a papal carriage to the same rooms in the English College which had lately contained Fisher and the tavern-haunting scholars, and they were treated in most respects on the same lines. Their papers were confiscated, they were kept apart, and examined at some length by Don Accarizio; but the formalities were fuller. A definite *libellus* was drawn up by Blackwell's proctors, Dr. Haydock, Dean of Dublin, and Martin Array, priest (January 10, 1599), and it was given to the envoys at a later stage. On February 19th, the Cardinals Caetano and Borghese, Protector and vice-Protector, came to the College to hear the *libellus* and the confessions read in the presence of the envoys, but they would not give any sentence till they had consulted the Pope. Then came one of those unfortunate delays which so frequently occur at Rome; Caetano was in failing health (he died twelve months later), and letters were expected from Blackwell. It was not until April 6th that the brief was signed which was to end the controversy, and on the 22nd the Cardinals concluded the case against Bishop and Charnock.

As to the brief, we know nothing of its preliminary formalities except that the Archduke Albert, now Governor of the Low Countries, requested the Pope, for the sake of peace, to settle the matter by a special brief (February 1, 1599).¹ When it came, this brief was characterized by a remarkable reticence. It confirmed Caetano's letter, with all its enclosures, *ac si ad verbum insererentur*, but it said not a word, either for good or for evil, of the Appellants. The sentence of the Cardinals is equally restrained. These priests, it says, have "engaged in controversies" in England, and therefore must not return for the present; but nothing is said or insinuated which could impede their returning later on, and finding priestly employment, when the troubles of the moment had calmed down. The Pope was clearly preoccupied with the desire of peace. No one could say that he had encouraged the envoys; but in those days of absolutism, the restraints under which they had been placed, were far indeed

¹ R.O., Roman Transcripts, Bliss, bundle 112. The brief of 6 April is printed in Tierney's *Dodd*, iii. cxxviii.

from being a mark of reprobation.¹ The moderation of this sentence did much to satisfy for the high-handed treatment of the envoys at first.

On the two messengers the effect of this combination of severity with moderation was decidedly felicitous. They realized the position of Rome at once. They never committed themselves to the furious partizanship of Bagshaw, and kept aloof from extravagant demands of Watson, and other extremists. They never questioned the Cardinal Protector's powers or broached the subject of turning out the Jesuits. They pleaded for Bishops, but were assured that that matter had been rejected after a thorough consideration. They urged the appointment of a second Archpriest of their own party (probably on the analogy of the Jesuits having an independent Superior), but on being shown that two heads over the same body must lead to perpetual quarrels, they abandoned this too, only insisting on their fears of Blackwell,² which, as the result showed, were not without foundation. Bishop, for some time after this, retired altogether from the controversy, except that he wrote one letter, and that a moderate one, when circumstances had changed.

There is this insuperable difficulty in determining Father Persons's responsibility for this episode of the envoys, that we do not know how far he acted on his own initiative. As a rule, no doubt, he was simply carrying out orders; but sometimes his opinion would have been asked and followed, and then the responsibility for the mistakes made would have been his. But until we can find out what share he did take in the papal councils, we cannot arrive at any definite judgment. What is clearer is that he acted very imprudently in not exerting himself to the utmost in order to keep free from the invidious task put upon him. A violent storm of obloquy was raging against the Jesuits in France and England, and yet he light-heartedly undertakes duties sure to excite bitter feelings of resentment against them. He acts as quasi-prosecutor and keeper of the two envoy-clergymen, and after-

¹ In contemporary England, for instance, we find even the Queen's favourites, confined now to their own houses, now to those of others, without anyone seeing in this anything at all extraordinary. Persons speaks of confinements elsewhere, in just the same way (*Apologie*, p. 177). He also states that the sentence in its original form (dated 8 April) was more severe, but that he had interceded for its modification (*Ibid.* 139).

² Bishop to Bagshaw, *A.C.* i. 123. Though occasionally ironical, this letter is of unusual importance.

wards defended his action instead of excusing it! Such a want of insight into the true nature of the case bodes ill for the stormy days still to come.

We must now go back to England and to the time when the envoys left, October, 1598. Though some scandal was taken at what became known of Bagshaw's and Bluet's conduct towards Weston, there was nothing at first to disturb the peace. At the end of December, however, Cardinal Caetano wrote to Blackwell a letter, which, among other generalities, contains these words: "Gain over (if you can) those who are restless by patience and kindness: if you cannot, reprehend and correct them." These words, followed later by the example of the severity shown to the envoys at Rome, appear to have struck Blackwell as if they were a command. He now asked Mush to acknowledge his authority. Mush's letter of March 8th survives. Though he does not yet accept the authority he takes a very different position from that of Charnock at an earlier period, who "denied any liking of it [*i.e.*, the Archipresbyterate], lest by liking it, we should bring it upon us contrary to our wills"; that is to say, submission was refused on the speculative chance of thereby upsetting the order appointed. Mush's line is that he will actually obey at once, and will formally submit as soon as a reassuring answer arrives from the envoys at Rome. That attitude was not unworthy of a priest, and it is in Mush that one notices it first.

Soon after this a harsher note is heard from Colleton. He had been engaged in a contest of pin-pricks during the winter with Garnet, culminating in a very long and ponderous indictment of the Jesuits, which Garnet appears to have communicated to Blackwell, with whom Colleton had also been fencing. Blackwell thereupon wrote to Colleton in the very regrettable style which he used when offended. It was quite *sui generis*, a jumble of biblical and legal axioms, mixed up with classical quotations, scoldings, and a weak assumption of Patriarchal dignity. Blackwell warned Colleton to beware of schism, or he would be obliged to proceed against him.¹

This prepares us for more trouble from Blackwell's pen. On April 4th he wrote a "last admonition" to Colleton, Mush and Hepbourne, that unless they made a submission in writing to the orders come from Rome, he would pass ecclesiastical

¹ *Archpriest Controversy*, i. 85; see Colleton's *Just Defence*, 248-269.

sentence on them for contumacy. The three priests waited a month and answered with equal quarrelsomeness, and added gratuitous obloquy against the Protector and Father Persons, Blackwell suspended all three next day, and in this letter occurs the first clear allusion to Lister. Indeed, we know from a later letter of Blackwell's, that he himself had secretly sent them Lister's treatise, in order that they might see what others thought of them.¹ The priests were nothing loth in their answer to let him see what they thought of him, sending him a long paper entitled *Conditions for yielding*, of much interest because it contains their minimum terms. These, however, included one clause that all future Archpriests should be selected by election, another that Lister's book should be withdrawn, and that Blackwell should publish another, restoring their good name to the Appellants. Another condition was that the Archpriest should swear he was not a Jesuit in disguise. Mush wrote to Bagshaw that all the conditions were "most reasonable," but we do not wonder at the endorsement on the "Conditions,"—"Mr. Blackwell took this in great scorn." Mush ended his letter to Bagshaw with the characteristic exclamation, that unless these "scandalous troubles" came to an end immediately, "I will seek to save me out of these flames in a friar's hood."

Fortunately the Pope's brief arrived at this very instant; and what a contrast between his wise reticence and the flaring aggressiveness of both parties in England! The Appellants are now no longer the only extremists. At first Blackwell had refrained from retaliating; now he was hitting out blindly without regard for consequences. Still, in reality, the quarrel was only surface deep. Now that the Pope had sent his commands in writing, they were accepted everywhere, and upon the whole, quickly. A letter from a Jesuit at Valladolid, repeating news sent by Garnet, puts Mush first among those who had given in their adherence; but Colleton seems to have done most of the actual negotiations. Bagshaw, too, agreed at once, though his letter, which is extant, prefaced his accordance with an ominous list of the grudges he was still nursing against the Archpriest's side; as to which grudges, "what pursuit were requisite for remedy

¹ Petyt MSS. 528, v. 47, f. 73. Blackwell, presumably at the same time, sent them what he pompously called "The resolution from the Mother City," which was, in reality, an account of the proceedings against the envoys, drawn up by Father Tichbourne or Father Warford.

if not for revenge, any sincere Christian of judgment cannot but see."¹

For all that, the two long-divided parties at Wisbech now dined together, and by June 1st, Colleton had agreed with Blackwell, "that all quarrels and unkindness might now be forgiven." This agreement was embodied in a formal document, called "The Atonement" (*i.e.*, The At-one-ment), written or at least signed by Blackwell. The past was to be treated as a bygone, and all writings on both sides, Lister's among the rest, were to be consigned to oblivion. Finally, Cardinal Caetano wrote what was to be his last message to England, congratulating everyone on the agreement, and praising in particular the forbearance in suppressing all demands for satisfaction.²

With the period of peace which now ensued we may pause. It lasted for nine months, and if it could have been maintained a little longer, until some of the Appellant leaders had been taken up into the Archpriest's ministry, the old controversy would probably never have been heard of again. At all events, one sees once more that it was not any inherent defect in the constitution itself which prevented its peaceful and satisfactory working.

J. H. POLLEN.

¹ For Garnet's news see *Jesuits and Seculars*, p. 149; Bagshaw's letter (unpublished) is in Petyt MSS. 528, v. 47, f. 85.

² Unfortunately neither this letter nor Blackwell's are now known to exist.

From a Belgian Schoolroom.

SO the children go to Mass every day. The children! It is a big word and does not apply to the situation, as I think you will admit when I tell you that I am nearly sixteen, or at least, only eight months off it. But there you are! In our family tradition says, and tradition is the ruling power, that a girl is a child until she makes a tardy *début* at nineteen. Why we don't even know the use of such words as Flapper and Backfisch. So I am classed with Bébé, my sister, who is barely seven. And the children go to Mass every morning with their governess. The boys, of course, have started off to the Jesuit College hours before—their lives and ours run in different grooves! It is the one bright spot in our mornings, this excursion, this escape from the white-washed attic, close neighbour to the stars, and alas! also to the more aggressive chimney-pots. Far down below us rumble trams and taxis—a delicious movement which speaks of life from which we are excluded; for our little attic only boasts one window in the sloping roof, and the special forbidden joy is to stand tiptoe on a chair and put our noses (we rather favour the *retroussé* in the family) on the ledge of it, to breathe the air outside. Inside, you will own, there is little charm. A time-table is an appropriate frame to the learned face of Miss. A little to her left is a big black skull which I painted in one day in a fit of despair, and which is still embellishing the wall because it would make such a mess to get it off. No books except lessons, no prettiness, only bare utilities and stuffiness. Here we pursue our studies, or rather they pursue us. I sigh for the coolness of the four big, empty salons downstairs where no one ever comes to break the silence, unless *Monsieur le Ministre* honours us at dinner, but not until I go *dans le monde* will it be my privilege to sit on their velvet chairs, to admire myself in their great gilt mirrors. Yes, it is something to escape from such a prison, and who knows, on the way to church one might meet with adventures. As for instance, one day when the milk-

woman's big, tawny dog eloped with the green cart and the shining brass cans. And another time when a *gamin* was caught stealing a gingerbread *mannequin* from the confectioner's at the corner; or again, when the old road-sweeper had a fit and we were privileged to see his livid swollen face, which haunted our dreams thrillingly for weeks afterwards. Yes, that was life. But drag it out as we may, the walk to church only lasts ten minutes, and the shops of the *Chaussée* offer no allurements to our stolid English Miss, who has all her shopping ideals firmly rooted and fixed in a place called Bayswater, a place which I figure to myself as a large lake surrounded by big bay trees, grown to provide leaves for the crowning of students at Oxford. Here, doubtless, are shady kiosks where elderly Misses may procure to themselves check costumes and big, ah! so big shoes.

Well then, we reach St. Boniface. You ask me what St. Boniface is! But without doubt you know that it is our parish church, a church of dignity if you please; one might even say a young cathedral. For does not the Bishop find his pleasure in the big, gold chair with a canopy overhead, that is his privilege in the choir; and has not even Monseigneur the Cardinal deigned to preside at some of our offices? So after this, you will please not picture to yourself a convent chapel or a mission church, and if by chance you should meet *M. le Curé*, he is worthy of your best bow and smile, for he is a great man. Hats off, if you please!

The huge grey building in the shadow seems to nod good-morning to its little friends as we pass inside, and the gay-coloured bills on the walls make contrast with the black-edged *billets de mort*. What attractions, both spiritual and worldly, at Halles, at Lourdes, at Oostacker! Why can't we be pilgrims too, and go outside the narrow limits assigned to us by Providence within the city ramparts. Has not Anna, our *bonne*, of the rosy cheeks and bright eyes, described to us the long walk to the cadence of litanies, and the rhythm of the rosary, with its poignant expectation of the miraculous and divine, as Our Lord is borne past the ranks of the suffering and the dying.

A mellow light filters through the beautiful old coloured glass where St. Boniface goes on eternally giving up the ghost on a purple bed of state in full episcopal fittings, slippers and mitre complete. *Bébé* whispers sympathetically that mitres must make as uneasy a pillow as the crackly papers

in which our straight, black hair is confined night after night, again in accordance to tradition, in order that Beaujeu may admire our curls by day (I've not learnt much of the doctrine of evolution naturally at my age, but it does seem to me that generations of forcibly curled ancestresses might have evolved us into frizziness; however, I suppose we have a straight strain in us!). To go back to our glass windows. Jesse, too, sleeps the sleep of the just the year round on a garden bench, while a genealogical tree sprouts from his chest and bears living fruit; our Lord Himself appearing as the topmost branch in vivid blue. An eye, three cornered and terrible, looks down to symbolize the All-Seeing Trinity. It spies into my secret heart to search out all its vanities, and pierces through the sash which covers Agathe's head. Agathe is the doll which Béb  insists on bringing to church in her pocket every day to see *le Bon Dieu*. But as *la petite* is not old enough to realize her iniquity, I am alone to blush for the pious honour of the family in the light of that Eye.

To-day, however, there is a funeral, a first-class one too. What a surprise! I had almost said a joyful one, but naturally I don't mean that. The church is hung in black, no daylight filters through the thick drapery, and triangles of flame alone mark the limits of the church. A stupendous catafalque rears itself right in the middle of the aisle. I had always been intrigued to know what part of the erection covered the coffin, but some instinct made me hesitate to ask; however, one day I was in time to see the long, mysterious box which conveyed little definite meaning to me, pushed in right underneath, and since then I have always felt that the poor person inside was being crushed and suffocated. I will have my coffin just put on trestles like *les pauvres*. Everything centres round this poor human *d bris* which pauses for a moment in its last journey to beg a pious God-speed you. Mourners, men and women, range themselves importantly in the choir, two little girls smaller than B b , hung with heavy crape, kneel mechanically in the front places where they are gently led. "*C'est leur m re qui est morte*," says B b  in a loud whisper, and a wistful look grows in her big, brown eyes as we both bury our faces in our hands and beg the children's God to comfort two little orphans. Men's voices, deep and solemn, chant the *Dies Irae*, that supreme human call to the infinitely Divine. The little flames of the tapers, silver lances with a heart of gold, burn pale and frail in the

tempered light—the souls of our prayers going up to Heaven—and I fix on two, one for Bébé, one for me—they live, breathe steadfastly through the whole of Mass, and so *le Bon Dieu* is pleased with us. And our faltering invocations mingle and rise with the blue cloud of incense.

But St. Boniface does not always weep. Yesterday she rejoiced at the marriage of two of her children. Another mystery and another Sacrament! Flowers everywhere, lilac and the gentle perfume of spring, scarlet and gold banners, beautiful dresses, lights in a diadem round the altar. They burned less serenely; the agitation of *la vie mondaine* communicates itself to these wands of wax and their flames speak, not of prayer, but of hope and confidence. The bride advances on her father's arm, and the crowd, standing on chairs, gesticulating as crowds always do outside your distinguished England, whispers audibly on her beauty and grace, on his decorations, which he wears bravely. "*C'est un ancien soldat*; he has gained medals in China." "*Mademoiselle est chic et pieuse*." "I beg you to believe, Monsieur, that I have the first right to stand on this chair and regard Mademoiselle! Did I not help with her trousseau?" "And am I not the *confiseur* who supplies the family with their rolls for breakfast?" A little dispute which ends in Monsieur amicably supporting Mademoiselle on a mutual chair.

We stand on *prie-Dieu* too, and peep through the wall of spectators, and then Miss makes us get down and say our prayers. Mass has begun, but visions of myself as a bride with an admiring, applauding audience come between me and my God. Am I not fifteen, and is it not almost a grown-up age? I already know how to keep accounts, and have admirable ideas on the education of my children, who shall leave undone all those things which I am forced to do, and shall do those things which to me are not permitted. And I go back home rebellious in thought, apt to contradict, and get into trouble.

But most days we get just a simple low Mass.

We tumble into church breathlessly just before it begins, or perhaps, for the clock of St. Boniface is not as infallible as his doctrines, the priest is a trifle late. We kneel on straw *prie-Dieu*, very hard and austere for knees, especially for Bébé, who wears socks and short dresses, and goes home with red embossed patterns all over her poor little legs. A short decorous prayer, with the cold eye of Miss fixing us to

see whether we attain the right angle of devotion, and then at once a distraction right in front of us, especially prepared by *M. le Diable* for my undoing. A lady with a beard and a rose-covered hat. I could bear one without the other, but the two combined! I hurriedly kneel down again, and smother a spasm of *jou rire*, while my chair shakes in sympathy. Miss pokes me in vain, for the beard still shows in irresistible profile.

There are always, too, the inevitable friends at the back to nod to, a rosary dropped in front, in fact, a mass of trifles to show us that we are of the world, if not in it.

Then the bell rings, and an old, old priest comes in with halting steps. The altar boy, with vague looks about him, yawns undisguisedly with the boredom of routine, and hurries forward to the steps, where his chief occupation seems to be to watch the flies. The old priest finds his place with great difficulty—how slow he is! I begin to yawn too, and Miss jerks a bony elbow at me, which I resent. Oh! how slow—but after all, that is why he says this particular Mass, *la Messe des paresseux*, as they call it—a Mass at eleven o'clock for lazy parishioners who have nothing to do with their time but pray. If you want something active, up-to-time for busy business people, get up early and come to Mass at six, seven, eight. St. Boniface will provide you with all you require at the precise moment fixed.

By the end of the *Introit* my thoughts, too, were chasing flies, but now I bring them back to the matter in hand, with a certain amount of contrition,—not too much, *le bon Dieu* is so good. He understands that one must have distractions sometimes. We get up with alacrity at the Gospel to show our respect for God's Holy Word, and also to stretch our poor stiff knees.

A hideous old woman comes in; she has to wear a mask because of some corroding disease of eyes and cheek, and in her blindness heralds her approach with a stick striking on the tiles. Superfluous everywhere else, unwelcome; she is at least at home in her Father's house. A little boy on his way from school, uses the church as a short cut, wanders up the aisle, drops a book, makes a bob in the wrong direction at the altar, and hastily sketches what might be a sign of the cross before he goes out. Miss, with a warning finger, shows me my place in the Missal, and suggests that I should follow my Mass.

What a bother grown-up people are! But all the same, my children will have to read their prayers, and so I submit. It is just.

And now the ever-miraculous descent of God on the altar, announced by a bell, bows our head, and we pray, awed by the approaching Majesty.

Pray to be good, to like Miss, to be clever, to have a velvet frock—one of my never-fulfilled desires.

And then Mass is over, and the motley small crowd moves out into everyday life and bustle, to the crush on the *Chaussée*, to squabbles and petty rebellions, to pain and joy. The little half-hour retreat has calmed us; a foretaste of the peace of Heaven follows us through the streets and we reach the *porte cochère* and ring the bell—to forget—no! but to draw on it unconsciously, as a reserve of strength, as an accumulated treasure for time of need.

ETHEL C. WHITE.

The Memory of our Dead.

A SIDELIGHT FURNISHED BY SOME MEDIÆVAL SURVIVALS.

ARE we in any way remiss in doing our duty by our dead—I speak more especially of those who have fallen in this terrible war? The debt which we owe them is so immeasurably great. To many of us it must come home as a sort of reproach that they have given their lives in all the vigour and promise of youth in order that we, the superannuated or useless ones, may end our days in peace. Surely the least we can do in return is to secure for them that measure of relief which earnest prayers and alms-deeds can bestow. Our forefathers in ages past set a wonderful example in this matter by their generosity even to those who had no special claim to remembrance beyond the ties of kinship and neighbourly intercourse. Ought we to be indifferent when every motive of gratitude for service rendered, of pity for the victims of untimely fate, of admiration for splendid courage and unselfish patriotism, constrains us to mark our appreciation of a sacrifice, of which, collectively regarded, the world has never seen the equal?

It is as the result of some such train of reflection as this that I am led to set down here a few desultory notes upon the practices observed in the Middle Ages for the honour and relief of the departed. The matter, it is true, is not new. The devotion of our forefathers in this connexion has long been a favourite subject of research for students of antiquity. The older charitable endowments throughout the land, the colleges at our Universities, the chantries and memorial chapels in our great cathedrals, have all helped to bring the subject home to the minds even of the least observant. But there are comparatively few who are aware how tenacious has been the hold of early custom in some out-of-the-way regions, even in spite of adverse influences, and I will begin by calling attention to two remarkable examples, in places widely sundered, of the persistence of such observances even down to our own times.

For our first illustration let us turn to North Wales, regarding which the Rev. E. Owen, in his work entitled *The Old Stone Crosses of the Vale of Clwyd*, collected thirty years ago some very valuable traditions as to the popular and religious customs observed by his Welsh countrymen. How far the *Vigiliæ Mortuorum*, or Office of the Dead, was a spontaneous growth of Christian sentiment, or how far it may have been introduced at an early date as an antidote to the riotous pagan orgies which took place round the unburied corpse is a hard matter to determine, but this at any rate is certain that the record of these "wakes," more or less imperfectly Christianized by prayer and the chanting of psalms, goes back in all European countries to very primitive ages. That this and similar practices have not easily been rooted up from the hearts of the peasantry the following descriptions will attest. The first comes to us upon the authority of Mr. Owen himself, who had lived for many years in the Vale of Clwyd.

The *gwylnos*, which is literally a night of watching for the dead, is held the night preceding the funeral. The custom has all but disappeared from the Vale of Clwyd but it is observed in the mountain districts bordering on the Vale. I have been told that in the parish of Tremeirchion, near St. Asaph, a prayer meeting is held in the house where the corpse lies the evening before the funeral. Mr. John Roberts . . . remembers a *gwylnos* being held for William Jones, Plasuchaf, in Llanfair parish, consisting of hymn-singing and prayers. This is the usual way of keeping a *gwylnos* in Carnarvonshire, where the custom still flourishes, but sometimes, when a clergyman conducts the service, a sermon or exhortation forms part of the proceedings.¹

But Mr. Owen then goes on to quote fuller details from the work of an earlier observer of such customs who wrote in 1802:

When the parish-bell announces the death of a person, it is immediately inquired upon what day the funeral is to be, and on the night preceding that day, all the neighbours assemble at the house where the corpse is, which they call *Ty corph*, i.e. "the corpse's house." The coffin with the remains of the deceased is then placed on stools in an open part of the house, covered with black cloth, or if the deceased were unmarried, with a clean white sheet, with three candles burning on it. Every person on entering the house falls devoutly on his knees before the corpse and repeats to himself the Lord's prayer or any other

¹ Owen, *The Old Stone Crosses of the Vale of Clwyd*, p. 55.

prayer he chooses. Afterwards, if he be a smoker, a pipe and tobacco are offered him. The meeting is called *Gwylnos* and in some places *Pydreua*. The first word means Vigil; the other is, no doubt, a corrupt word from *Paderau* or *Padereuau* that is *Paters* or *Pater nosters*. When the assembly is full, the parish clerk reads the common service appointed for the burial of the dead, at the conclusion of which, psalms, hymns and other godly songs are sung; and since Methodism is become so universal, someone stands up and delivers an oration on the melancholy subject, and then the company drop away by degrees.¹

This description of the neighbours falling on their knees to say a *Pater noster* beside the corpse is certainly most interesting, and we must not lose sight of the fact that in the Middle Ages a rosary in most European languages was called a *pater-noster*, and that the industry of the "paternosterers" or rosary makers was so flourishing that they were organized into many important trade guilds. In the beginning a *pater-noster* was an apparatus for counting Our Fathers only, and when *Aves* were recited along with the Our Fathers in the Rosary the string of beads still continued to retain its old name. I do not doubt that long before the Crusades, or even the coming of the Normans to England, the lay-brothers or *conversi* of the great monasteries were provided with such strings of beads to count the Our Fathers which they were bidden to say for deceased brethren. As we learn from the *Consuetudines Antiquiores* of the Cluniac monks, the illiterate members of the Order had each to say fifty Our Fathers whenever the news of the death of any of the associated brethren was brought to their monastery,² this practice being certainly older than 1086. No doubt after the time of Elizabeth the possession of a rosary came to be regarded as dangerously popish, and the recital of *Aves* was gradually given up, but it is very interesting to learn that the repetition of *Paters* for the dead still lingered on for more than a couple of centuries. Together with this practice of saying the Our Father for the departed, there existed until quite recently undoubted traces of those commemorative Masses on the seventh or thirtieth day for which provision is still made in the Roman Missal. In mediæval England the "Month's Mind" was a celebration which was only second in solemnity to the actual burial. In place of it a state attendance at

¹ Williams, *Observations on the Snowdon Mountains*, pp. 13-14.

² See Migne, *P.L.* cxlix. 776.

church at the next or some subsequent Sunday seems to have come into vogue in Protestant times.

The Sunday succeeding a funeral, or in some parishes the second Sunday after the burial, is called *Sul Coffa*, or Commemoration Sunday. . . . It is customary for relatives and friends of the deceased to come to church on the morning of this day. But the relatives proceed to the grave before entering the church and there they remain a while. In some parishes of the Vale, the men whilst at the grave, stand with uncovered heads. But formerly, in the early part of this century, the near relatives of the dead knelt around the new made grave on *Sul Coffa* and repeated the *Pader*.¹ Thomas Davies, parish clerk of Llanychan, near Ruthin, who is now alive, and is not apparently seventy years old, told the writer that he remembered planks being placed on each side of the grave for the convenience of mourners, and Amelia Pierce, who is mentioned in connexion with Gwyddelwern church, states that she remembers mourners kneeling at the head and feet of the departed and that the stones with knee rests were for their convenience.²

It should be mentioned that in some Welsh churchyards, e.g., at Corwen, stones are found at either extremity of certain graves, in which hollows have been deliberately cut out for the convenience of those kneeling upon them.

I might have noticed just above that the religious service held at the house of the deceased before the coffin is carried out must descend in all probability from the practice still prescribed in the Roman ritual that the priest should come to fetch the coffin, reading certain prayers and psalms. Apart from the question of the wake, the funeral, Mr. Owen tells us, was in his day

not started without a short service, consisting of reading the Bible, singing, prayer and occasionally an address. This is called *Codi'r Corph*, raising the corpse. In cases where the clergyman is present he usually is requested to start the funeral; in his absence the parish clerk does so by repeating the Lord's prayer.³

¹ Mr. Owen adds that "in Montgomeryshire and in other parts of Wales Commemoration Sunday is observed, but there and elsewhere it is called *Ail gladdedigaeth*, or second funeral. People in many Welsh parishes still come to church on *Sul Coffa* in large numbers." I am tempted to suggest that this special preference shown to the Sunday succeeding the funeral may possibly be due to the fact that formerly mention of the deceased was made in bidding the beads on the Sunday, or possibly the two Sundays, following his death, even though his name was not permanently included in the bede-roll. For this last, as we shall see, a special fee was paid.

² Owen, *Stone Crosses*, p. 59.

³ *Ibid.* p. 57.

As Mr. Owen goes on to point out, this pre-reformation custom was plainly aimed at by one of the Injunctions of Edward VI. in 1547, whereby priests were informed that they "are not bound to fetch any corpse before it be brought to the churchyard."¹ Again in 1549 further reference was made to the practice, for in that year the clergy were directed to receive no corpse but at the churchyard;² and in 1571 order was given to all her Majesty's loyal subjects "not to say *De profundis* for the dead, nor rest at any cross in carrying any corpse to burying, nor to leave any little crosses of wood there."³ None the less in out-of-the-way districts, and notably in Wales, centuries passed before full compliance was given to these directions. Even in our own day

it is true [says Mr. Owen] that the funeral procession does not now rest awhile at cross roads, nor do the people repeat the *Pater* at such places, as they once did, but instead hymns are often sung as the procession passes hamlets on its way to the church.⁴

Another notable survival from pre-reformation times is probably to be found in the various collections and doles which are still intimately associated with funerals in many parts of Wales. No features in the honour shown to the dead were more strongly emphasized by the mediæval Church than the giving of alms to the poor for the relief of the soul of the departed and also the contribution of money to be expended in Masses for his soul. Nowadays the money offered by the neighbours seems to go either to the church officials or to the family of the deceased. Thus Mr. Owen tells us further:

Offerings at the house of the deceased for the benefit of the surviving members of his family are common in many parts of Wales and in the Vale (of Clwyd) they still exist. After the coffin is brought out of the house it is placed on two chairs and if there is to be an offering on the coffin, or as it is called in Welsh *Offrymu ar yr arch*, those present at the funeral walk up and deposit a coin.⁵

At the end of the eighteenth century custom followed Catholic practice more closely. Mr. Williams, in 1802, tells

¹ See Wilkins, *Concilia*, Vol. IV., p. 7.

² *Ibid.* Vol. IV., p. 32.

³ *Ibid.* Vol. IV., p. 269.

⁴ Owen, *Stone Crosses*, p. 57.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 56.

us how on the day of the funeral the assembly, after partaking of a meal at *Ty Corph*,

proceed to the church and at the end of that part of the burial service which is usually read in the church, everyone of the congregation presents the officiating minister with a piece of money. The deceased's next relations usually drop a shilling each, others sixpence, and the poorer sort a penny a-piece, laying it on the altar. This is called Offering, and the sum amounts sometimes to eight, ten, or more pounds at a burial.

The writer, who evidently regarded popery and methodism with equal disfavour, goes on to remark:

These superfluous rites are considered as a respect due to the memory of the deceased and as a compliment to his surviving relations and friends, though many know them to be the remains of popish superstition. The prayer before the corpse was nothing else but a prayer for his soul's rest; or, if he was reputed a virtuous and holy man, it was, no doubt, with hopes that he would pray and intercede for those he left behind. The offering to the priest was for the deceased's absolution and speedy removal out of purgatory [he means for the saying of Masses]. Though the origin of these things is known, yet custom has sanctioned and established them for different, though frivolous, needless and vain purposes.¹

As for the doles which in Catholic days were almost invariably associated with the funeral and the Month's Mind of personages of any consideration, Pennant, writing in the middle of the eighteenth century, tells us of many traces of similar practices. It seems to have been common for "the female next of kin" to the deceased to distribute over the coffin to certain poor persons a quantity of white loaves in a great dish, or a cheese with a piece of money stuck in it, and also drink.

When this is done [he adds] all present kneel down and the minister says the Lord's prayer, after which they proceed with the corpse and at every cross-way between the house and the church they lay down the bier, kneel and again repeat the Lord's prayer, and they do the same when they first enter the churchyard.²

Pennant also tells us that it was not uncommon for those who joined in the funeral procession to sing psalms on the way.

¹ *Observations on the Snowdon Mountains*, by W. Williams, of Llandegai P. 15.

² Pennant, *Tour in Wales*, Vol. II., p. 352.

But let us turn now to a very different part of the world, the Catholic cantons of Switzerland, where, as in Wales, on account of the remoteness of the locality and the conservative disposition of the people, many ancient customs associated with the honour paid to the dead are still religiously maintained. I copy from an account drawn up about 1862 by a student of antiquities, himself a native of the district and for long years interested in its history. This summary was given to a German professor, C. G. Homeyer, and published by him in the *Abhandlungen* of the Prussian Academy of Sciences in 1863. The cantons principally concerned are those of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, and of the general accuracy of the statement there is no room to doubt.

When any person is known to be *in extremis* the fact is announced by the bell of the nearest church. [This was consequently a real "passing-bell"; not like that mistakenly so designated in this country.] In former days every-one who heard it fell upon his knees and said five Paters and Aves that God would give the sufferer a happy death. When death actually supervenes, if it is a male person the great bell is tolled, if a woman the next largest. At the same time poor people go to the house and ask whether their services will be required to watch by the corpse. If the family of the dead man are themselves very poor they arrange to have two watchers; artisans and farm labourers have four, more prosperous folk six. The watchers pray day and night, saying at every hour a "Psalter" [*einen Psalter*] for the soul of the deceased.¹ During the day the watchers are given plenty to eat and at night they get coffee and some sort of cakes. The relatives neighbours and almost all the people of the village also come to the house. In the mountainous districts people who live not much more than half an hour's journey away count as neighbours, and they also come, some to say a rosary silently in the day-time, others in the evening from 8 to 9 or 9 to 10 to recite a "Psalter" out loud. Well-to-do folk give to the poor and the children who come to pray a little alms of from two to five centimes (*Rappen*). Beside the bed stands an oil lamp lighted, which must burn from the moment of death continually for thirty days and thirty nights. There is a tall crucifix with two lighted candles beside it and a vessel of holy

¹ This at first looks puzzling. It is incredible that poor persons of this class should be able to read, or *a fortiori* be able to recite by heart, the 150 psalms of David. For my own part I have no doubt that what is meant is "Our Lady's Psalter," in other words the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, the term Psalter being used here to show that something more than the ordinary chaplet of five decades is meant. See the reference to the "Psalter" which immediately follows, where it is plainly contrasted with the shorter "rosary."

water with a sprinkler. Every person that leaves the house sprinkles the corpse and breathes an ejaculation wishing the dead eternal rest and happiness.¹

After the burial people repair to the church² and the Requiem begins. Rich people have many Masses said, poor people only one, people in middling circumstances three. During Mass, immediately after the gospel, the congregation go up to offer—first of all the godchildren of the deceased, then the nearest relatives. For the rest the form of procedure is this: the women folk first approach the altar on their side of the church, lay down a centime there, then to the offering plate in the middle and in the third place to the altar on the men's side and so back to their seats. When they have finished the men offer, but in the reverse order.

On the Seelisberg, but only there, the first person who goes up to offer lays a plate of salt on the altar. This must be a very old custom and must be derived from some belief that the "three white alms"—salt, flour and eggs, are the most efficacious in releasing a soul from purgatory.³ After the Requiem the parish priest and the vicar return to the cemetery and say Latin prayers over the deceased and sprinkle the grave with holy water. The relatives, friends and neighbours kneel around and pray silently. They also sprinkle the grave with holy water saying "May God give refreshment to his soul and early release" and then they return home. This is the most arduous and fatiguing day for the family. It is called *die Gräbt*.

Seven days after there is a somewhat similar celebration called *die Siebenten* and another on the thirtieth day. On both these occasions there is Mass, when all present go up to offer and afterwards pay a visit to the grave. This visit, in which the priests take part, is called in the local dialect *Usäwisänä* (from *ausweisen* to banish, to put away). After the *Usäwisänä* of the thirtieth day the corpse lamp is extinguished.

All through the thirty days the members of the family go up to offer at the Offertory and the near relatives offer every Sunday for a year. On the anniversary, Mass is offered for the last time and on returning home the family lay aside their mourning. The name of the deceased, it should be added, is given out every Sunday from the pulpit the whole year through.⁴

¹ This is presumably "Requiem æternam dona ei Domine et lux perpetua luceat ei."

² It is possible that this arrangement may be due to some legislative enactment forbidding the body to be taken to the church, such as prevails in Germany.

³ One cannot but feel serious doubts as to the correctness of this conjecture. It does not seem clear that the writer is himself a Catholic.

⁴ C. G. Homeyer, "Der Dreissigste" in the *Abhandlungen* of the Prussian Academy, Berlin, 1863, pp. 155-156. The author of this account is a certain F. D. Kyd.

It must at once strike any Catholic who is familiar with the Missal, that in these observances we have a full realization of the provisions made in the rubrics of the Masses of Requiem for a special celebration on the seventh, thirtieth, and anniversary day. That this particular selection of intervals had a pagan origin is practically certain, though the custom must date from the very earliest days of Christianity.¹ In England in the Middle Ages not very much attention seems to have been paid to the seventh day, but the thirtieth day, or Month's Mind, and the anniversary, were held in full honour. Innumerable wills still extant attest the almost universal prevalence of this usage, but as the subject was treated in some little detail in these pages a few years back it seems unnecessary to repeat what was then said.² We will confine ourselves for the present to that custom of offering for the dead, which was formerly general, and in some places even still remains as the characteristic feature of a solemn Mass of Requiem. It is highly probable that it may be traced back to the *agapae* of the early Church, some of which were certainly celebrated over the tombs of the departed and apparently assumed the character of a free meal offered to the more indigent among the faithful. It is certain in any case that St. Augustine recommended that "the offerings for the souls of those that sleep, which we must believe to be really helpful, should not be on too lavish a scale when they are laid upon the altartombs of the dead."³ It was probably from some practice of this kind that the custom developed of always making an offering at the Offertory of funeral Masses and more solemn Masses of Requiem, even though the observance of bringing gifts to the altar at ordinary Masses had fallen into desuetude. Even as recently as 1889 the *Revue Bénédictine* mentions that

In many churches of France and especially in Normandy we may still see two of the altar boys in Masses for the dead at the time of the Offertory presenting—one of them a loaf, the other a bottle of wine, supplied by the family of the deceased.⁴

¹ See *Dublin Review*, July, 1907, pp. 118-120.

² See THE MONTH, November, 1904.

³ St. Augustine, *Epist.* 22 *ad Aurelium*, n. 6: "Oblationes pro spiritibus dormientium, quas vere aliquid adjuvare credendum est, super ipsas memorias non sint sumptuosæ." I take it that *super ipsas memorias* means "offered upon the memorial tombs of the dead," but the phrase is a little obscure.

⁴ See *Revue Bénédictine*, 1889, p. 537. I gather from Mgr. B. de Montault that the custom is still maintained in the parish of Saint-Léonard.

In the Middle Ages every possible kind of offering was made in solemn Masses of Requiem. Knights and great Lords when they left, as they were bound by custom to do, their best beast (*melius averium*) to the parish church as a "mortuary," sometimes directed that their war horse, appropriately accoutred and caparisoned, should be led up to the altar and made over to the priest at the Offertory of the Mass as a solemn part of the ceremonial. In most cases, no doubt, this rather incongruous gift was afterwards redeemed for a pecuniary payment. In the case of funerals of a somewhat pretentious kind this custom was common both in England and in France, and we have numerous detailed descriptions of such scenes. In France we have record of them even after the middle of the sixteenth century, when, for example, the charger of Claude de Lorraine, Duc de Guise, was led up to the altar by the Duke's esquire, followed by six pages dressed in black velvet. From nearly all the statutes of the religious guilds which were so numerous and wide-spread in the Middle Ages it becomes clear that one of the main purposes for which they were instituted was to provide for the saying of Masses of Requiem after the decease of their members, and it is nearly always laid down that when such Masses were said all the members were bound to be present and to offer at the Offertory. Here, for example, is an ordinance passed by the famous York Guild of *Corpus Christi*.

Also we enact that each year the town-crier of the City of York shall go round the town with his bell on the Saturday aforesaid to give notice of the said anniversary in the city and its suburbs and to announce the amount of the Indulgences granted to the said Guild, that all the brothers and sisters of the said Guild may be the more moved to devotion and to make offering for the souls aforesaid (*ad offerendum pro animabus supradictis*).¹

There is a good deal which goes to suggest that the offerings made at these Requiems were not always expended in having other Masses said, but that the proceeds sometimes were devoted to maintaining a lamp which was kept burning in the idea that this also served as a propitiation for the souls of the departed. An ancient Guild instituted by the Abbot of St. Martin de Canigou in 1195 has preserved for us one of the earliest known ordinances for an association of this sort, and in this we find the following regulations:

¹ R. Shaife, *Register of Corpus Christi Guild, York* (Surtees Society), p. 284.

I, Peter, Abbot of Canigou, with my community, erect this Guild within the monastery of St. Martin, to keep a lamp burning night and day before the altar of the church, each member to offer two deniers on the feast of St. Martin for that purpose. The priest who serves this church is to say Mass once a week for the deceased members of the Guild and for the welfare of the living, and when any member dies each one within thirty days must have a Mass said for him. He who so determines shall be buried within the precincts of the monastery and all the rest are required to attend the ceremony of his obsequies, etc.¹

Of course this does not say that the lamp was lighted to plead for the souls of the departed, and one would hesitate to attribute any such motive to the founders of the Guild, were it not that at a later date the "Dead Light," "All Souls' Light," "Souls' Light," "*Lumen defunctorum*," "*Lumen animarum*," and several other designations, such as "Lyght Elemosynar," etc., are of such frequent recurrence in all kinds of parish documents. Bishop Hobhouse, who paid special attention to records of this type, does not hesitate to give the following account of the "Dead Light":

DEAD LIGHT—a fund kept by wardens for maintaining a light (called in other places rood light, soul light, alms light etc.) on the high beam of the high cross and for celebrating an anniversary of the dead, also for torches and tapers at the funerals of the poor.²

Charities of this kind were common. Thus Mr. Littlehales, another expert in this field of research, tells us:

A special feature of the Middle Ages was the payment by the well-to-do for the burial of the very poor. In these accounts the receipt of money by the wardens for such a purpose was by no means very rare. An instance may be given

Item, Rec. of Margarete Bull for the burial of a strange childe iis.³

But to return to the question of lights. An early example of a foundation of this kind, which is very explicit in its wording and which dates from the end of the thirteenth century, is to be found in the Godstowe chartulary. I have borrowed the old English paraphrase published by the Early English Text Society, italicizing the more significant clauses:

¹ See *Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Chartes*, 1881, Vol. XLII., pp. 5-7. I have summarised rather than translated the substance of this document.

² Hobhouse, *Churchwardens' Accounts of Croscombe, etc.*, p. 235.

³ Littlehales, *Medieval Records of a City Church*, pp. 1. and 129.

The sentence [*i.e.* meaning] of this charter is that Wm. Brian, the son of Brian of Blunsdon, willed to be known himself and his heirs to be held and bound to God and to the church of St. Michael of Highworth in iij lbs of wax to pay for one serge (*cereus, i.e.* large wax candle) every day to burn at the Mass before the cross for the soul of Isabelle that was the wife of Roger of Writele, to be sustained for ever; and also for ij lampes to be sustained with oil in St. Leonard's church of Blunsdon, that is to say one lamp burning through all the Sunday nights and through all the nights of high feasts, that is to say of the feasts of All Hallows, Christmas, Easter, Ascension, Whitsuntide, Trinity, Nativity of St. John the Baptist, and all feasts of our Lady, and another lamp burning every day at the Mass, before the altar of our Lady St. Mary and St. Catherine for the soul of the said Isabelle.¹

Further, the practice of burning a lamp to benefit the souls in Purgatory probably explains the erection in so many foreign churchyards of a sort of lighthouse, known as the *lanterne des morts* or *fanal* in France and as *Todten-leuchte* or *Armenseelen-licht* in Germany, which has always been to some extent a puzzle to antiquaries. In England, as Bishop Hobhouse suggests, such lights seem to have generally been suspended from the roodloft or to have been placed in some way before the "great rood." But it is also possible that in a few instances, when mention is made of the "high rood," the churchyard cross may have been intended.

The desire to be remembered in the public appeal made for the prayers of the congregation was also constantly manifested by mediæval testators. To the *Prône*, familiar in the parish churches all over France, corresponded in England the "Bidding Prayers." In these a large place was always given to the prayers said for the departed. The terms used were commonly quite general and applied to all deceased parishioners, but with the bidding prayers was closely associated, the "Bede Roll," which was, as Mr. Littlehales notes, "the list of those to be mentioned by name in the pulpit that they might be expressly remembered in the prayers of all those present." References to the Bede Roll are frequent in churchwardens' accounts. For example, at Stratton, in Cornwall, in 1513:

Recd of Johanna Paynter for iij names which be set upon the bedroli xs.

¹ A. Clarke, *English Register of Godstowe*, E.E.T.S., p. 602.

Recd of Johanna Jeull to put her hosbound upon the bedroll
iij sh. iiij.¹

In wills also there are constant allusions, for example:

To St. Michael's parish church a certain cross, silver and
gilt, but on condition that the rector, or the existing chaplain,
have me specially commended by name in the roll among the
other benefactors of the church on Sundays and festivals as the
custom is

To every curate of Bath and also to every curate of twenty
parish churches around the city 12d to pray specially for my
soul in the pulpit on Sundays for one year, as the custom is.²

Mr. Littlehales, from the records of St. Mary-at-the-Hill,
London, infers that the parish priest commonly read the Bede
Roll himself, for a fee of twopence was apparently paid to
him for doing so.³ On the other hand, Bishop Hobhouse
assures us that it was read out by a "bede-man," who might
be clerk or sexton or other subordinate, on the anniversary
day when the *Dirige* was celebrated at the cost of the parish.
"In some cases," he adds, "it was a continuous office, e.g.
at Frome, where it has remained in the patronage of the
owners of Orchardleigh."⁴

But to discuss the topic in any detail would carry us too
far, and in particular the question of prayer for the dead
as revealed in pre-Reformation wills must claim an article to
itself.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ *Archæologia*, Vol. XLVI., p. 202.

² Weaver, *Somerset Medieval Wills*, II., 339.

³ *Mediæval Records of a London City Church*, (E.E.T.S.), pp. lii. and 149,
260.

⁴ Hobhouse, *Churchwardens' Accounts of Croscombe, etc.*, p. 234.

French Jesuits at the Front.

IT has lately been our privilege to look through two long series of war-documents of enthralling interest. They consist of extracts of the letters "home" of the Jesuits belonging to two French Provinces of the Society which France, in her darker days, would have none of, and which took refuge among ourselves at Ore Place, above the old town of Hastings, and at Canterbury. To-day France welcomes them back only too gladly, and they themselves, in their magnanimity, are the first and most willing of conscripts, as one of them writes, "for France and for the Sacred Heart." Already the Canterbury bulletins, compiled and sent out to other houses of the Society several times a week, amount to well on the way towards two hundred, and those from Ore are on a similar scale. Unfortunately we can obviously give but a slight sketch of their contents and a very few of the striking tales that individual members of the Society have to tell. They cover the most diverse ground, and even where the background—the life of the fighting soldier in the trenches or of the *aumônier* behind the lines and in the hospital—is much the same, the individual interest tempts one to stop and quote at almost every page. Hundreds of these letters bring overwhelming evidence of the extraordinary revival of religion in France; others shed new and lurid light on the behaviour of the enemy in the occupation of Belgium and everywhere along the line of their march; a few—for the man in the fighting-line sees little of the general movement in a war like this—throw some light on larger matters of military importance. Perhaps the dominant impression is that of the vastness of this great affair; it is an endless panorama that seems unrolled before one's eyes. Yet it is but a drop in an ocean. The letters of the Province of Paris cover the doings of, up to October last, 99 members, 63 in the fighting forces and 36 engaged in the ambulance and other services; of the 99, 41 are priests (16 fighting), 40 scholastics and 18 lay-Brothers. And this out of a total of some 20,000

French priests known to be in the Service, and some 63,000 priests of all nationalities estimated to be attached to all the forces now engaged on either side. Out of the 87 priests to whom French officialdom has made a tardy *amende* with the Legion of Honour, it is pleasant to find the French Provinces of the Society represented. Up to the end of March their distinctions numbered—five, Legion of Honour; three, Military Medal; and over 20, mentioned in dispatches.¹

This large pile of documents varies of course very widely in character. Some are of high public importance, and will doubtless be preserved in permanent form and take their place among the State documents of the war. Such are the firsthand testimonies to the events at Louvain in August and the murders of ecclesiastics there and in France. Others are vivid personal documents behind which we see, like a dim background, the shifting scenes of the great drama—mobilization, the early efforts in Alsace, the *debâcle* in Lorraine, the great retreat, the victory of the Marne, the long-drawn agony of the winter, and from further north, from Belgian brethren welcomed in Sussex and Kent, something of the tragedy of Aerschot, Termonde and Antwerp. Others again show us a new view of France, not at the front, but throughout all her length and breadth, a nation at war and also a nation at prayer. From Brittany, from Gascony, from the old Roman Province, from the Dauphiny Alps, from the Limousin or the Bourbonnais in the centre, the same picture greets the eye—war and prayer, prayer and war. And to an Englishman, in the midst of strikes, race-meetings and "business as usual," the picture can produce but one feeling—a feeling of utter unworthiness that he should have such comrades as are the French to-day, and be the object of that affectionate trust which our allies exhibit towards us, and which is so charmingly expressed in more than one of the letters before us.

Perhaps the most important of the documents are those which bring corroborative evidence, with fresh details, of the outrages in Belgium, and particularly at Louvain. The story itself is on record and need not be repeated, but the long

¹ The *Catholic Times* for May 21 gives the following later and more general details: "The Jesuit Order has 564 of its members under arms. Thirty-five have been killed; sixty wounded, and seventeen made prisoners. Seven are missing; five have been named Chevaliers of the Legion of Honour; five have received the military medal; one the Cross of St. George (Russian); one the medal for infirmarians; and twenty-seven have been cited in the Orders of the Day."

letters of Père Maréchal and Père Schill give many glimpses of that peculiar callousness which has seemed throughout to be a special mark of the German application of military law. For instance, the treatment accorded to a company of priests, religious and nuns who were herded together for "inspection" at Louvain:

We were altogether about a hundred. After being searched we were taken to a large field by the roadside and made to sit down on grass soaking wet with rain. We remained there from three-quarters of an hour to an hour. Then we were placed in two rows along a wooden fence that divided the field. . . . We were left in care of a good soldier—for this time it really was a good and kind man. Some of us asked to retire a moment and the soldier agreed willingly, but the officer no sooner saw it than he came up revolver in hand and shouted violently to the soldier, "I have spoken. No one is to move from his place or he will be shot on the spot. Is this how you obey orders? Do you want to be all killed?"

The case of Frère Dupérriex, who was shot for being in possession of a note-book containing some criticisms of the Germans, will be remembered, for it received wide notice at the time. Père Schill gives us the details both of the incriminating notes and of the good Brother's death:

After some time I saw two soldiers bringing the Brother. Another followed holding a paper and asked whose it was. The Brother named himself. They then asked for someone who knew German, and I was pointed out. A soldier gave me the paper and an officer said: "Here, you, read this paper first in French and then translate it into German. Take care. If you leave out a word or add one you will be shot with him." What was I to do? Not read it? Then there would have been two victims. Read it? The Brother's death would follow. Here is the substance of the notes: "Since Omar burnt the library of Alexandria no one could have believed that such an act could occur again; and yet it has occurred at Louvain. This is the famous German culture of which they boast." At that, the officer called out "Enough! Away with him!" Someone wished to intercede. "Not a word more!" Then the Brother, who had listened with complete self-possession, asked to receive Absolution. It was allowed; he knelt on the ground and Father Willaert confessed him. Then the Brother got up and the officer cried "Forward." The Brother advanced without hesitation, his eyes never leaving the Crucifix which he carried on his breast.

In a few seconds it was all over. We learn from Père Mârechal that Frère Dupérriex, with several other Fathers and Scholastics of the Society, had for several days previously been helping to tend the wounded, including the Germans, the usual recompense in the latter case being such terms of compliment as *Schweinepriester! Hallunken!* and the like. Such ecclesiastics as escaped at all seem to have owed their rescue entirely to American influence. Another Father, describing his experiences, tells us how he approached the German Military Governor, and mentioned the presence of two Americans among the hostages:

At the mention of the word America the Governor's countenance changed at once, and in his emotion he actually called me "Monseigneur."

And, according to some of the letters, more than one of the American representatives in Belgium employed, with happy result, the last, and so far unauthorized, weapons of diplomacy by hinting darkly at what might happen to several millions of Germans in the United States and to a good many thousands of tons of German shipping, if anything happened in Belgium to a person protected by the "Stars and Stripes."

It may be remembered that one of the worst cases of sheer anti-Christian and anti-Catholic outrage, without even the pretence of military excuse, was the death of Père Lucien Véron, of the Paris Province of the Society. The case is on record in that "black list" which the French Government has compiled, and which, as Professor Morgan remarked in the *Times*, "will come in very useful when the time arrives for settling up accounts." But our documents add several details to this shocking case. Père Véron and the Abbé Sueur had got separated from their column in the retreat of September and fell into the hands of a Prussian Regiment. The two priests were deliberately separated from all other prisoners, were detailed for every kind of laborious and repulsive task, were burdened with continual loads, and when their steps failed on the march, were kicked and goaded onwards. The only food allowed them for days was a few apples. Yet, in the midst of all this torture the only thought of the Jesuit, writes the narrator, was firstly to find some means of getting back to his duties with his men, and secondly to maintain, without intermission of any sort, the life of the Jesuit. "He was careful throughout to make his meditation and to recite

his rosary in place of his Office. What a prayer and what an example!" At last the Father fell to the ground incapable of moving a step further. "He was thrown on a heap of stones, half covered with nettles and there it was that the Abbé Sueur had to prepare him for death." The next day, the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady, Père Véron entered into his rest. He died forgiving his enemies and regretting nothing of what he had suffered, since it took him the sooner to his Lord. It is of further significance that two German Catholic Chaplains whom the French Fathers met on the road interceded for them with the Prussian officers, but in vain.

After these terrible stories, and many more like them, the most striking feature of these letters undoubtedly is their consentient testimony to the revival which the war has brought to France in the matter of religion. The evidence of the Jesuits is not indiscriminating; they note difficulties frankly when these arise—the presence here and there of some official obstruction, a disappointment here and there as regards numbers, a very occasional exhibition of open anti-clericalism. But these things are, comparatively, so rare as to strike one merely as the exceptions that prove the rule. "The revival is real." "France is praying; she will be saved." "All the *Curés* I have met are unanimous." We see it in the populace and in the military alike, and even here and there in the small officialdom of the provincial towns. Such incidents as these are common: a lieutenant gathering his men around him before going into action, and all together making the Act of Contrition on their knees; a Commanding Officer asking for Mass and serving the priest, kneeling at the head of his men; priest-soldiers on sentry duty, 6,000 feet high in Dauphiny or on the plains of Languedoc, bringing an apostolate into villages where religion had almost died. If they could not get to an altar an altar was brought to them, and we read how pious women brought out to a remote, abandoned chapel near which a company was stationed, all that was necessary for the Sacrifice.

I soon made this known, and this morning at 6 o'clock I had 120 men, half the effectives, most of them standing outside for lack of room. The lieutenant served.

Thus writes "Sergeant Verney" of the 252nd regiment of infantry, priest of the Society of Jesus. Later on we find

him wounded, in hospital, giving "not a bad number of absolutions," and studying books of erudition which he has had sent him from Lyons. Another Father in hospital re-reads his "Franzelin," and being debarred for the time from any other apostolate, takes occasion to deal with a wounded Seminarist in the next bed, who is *jougueux partisan des Thomistes*. The quiet heroism of his work at the front can be read between the lines of one of his letters:

I was wounded on Sunday evening in the middle of a retreat, but the ball did not touch any vital organ. Returning from the firing line I had the opportunity to stop on the way by some of the more gravely wounded. I was thus able to give more than one Absolution and to administer a Baptism. It is useful to have water in one's bottle!

Here is a charming picture he draws in another letter:

I promised to tell you something about our Colonel. Well, he is a poet, an orator and a saint; he talks of art with an admirable breadth and taste . . . of the future life and his own desire for death with the utmost conviction before our materialistic free-thinking Major. He is very good to the men, continually going through the trenches, and talking to them about their families; when there is an attack he is always to the front to encourage them. He is also a tactician of great repute.

But to return. Another Father who had occasion to go from the extreme South to the Northern fighting line writes:

I cannot tell you how favourably we have been impressed by all we have seen. One feels that each man is going to his duty and going generously. Not a complaint, not a discordant note, and above all none of those anti-religious manifestations which were so painful in 1870. These are truly the sons of France, risen as one man to defend her. In 1870 at sight of a soutane they would have cried out "*Les curés, sac au dos!*" But what is more consoling still, an enormous number come to Confession. The women bring them, and some of these have quite as much need as their husbands.

And again:

We are no longer in 1870. I made my pilgrimage to Joan of Arc in the Parish Church of Domrémy. That morning there were more than eighty Masses said by Priest soldiers, and what a number of Communions! In the evening a splendid procession of Joan of Arc at which everybody in the place was present, in uniform or out of it.

And another writes: "On n'est pas ivre comme en 1870."

Among the most interesting letters are those from the Fathers who have returned from abroad, and particularly from the East, to help their country. They seem to have been particularly well received by the authorities and the officers, and to have caused enormous excitement among the population. One of them records how all the soldiers gather round him at night to hear stories about the Turks and their ways, and how he turns his opportunities to good account. Another arrives at Belfort from Beyrouth. He is received by the *Curé* of the parish where his unit is stationed, and is introduced to the General in command and his Staff, who inquire all about affairs in Syria and express their gratitude for the work of the Fathers there. Next day he preaches to a crowded church, including the Staff. It is amusing to notice the occupation he chooses for his scanty hours of leisure at the *dépôt*; he borrows "two big quartos" from the *Curé*, and they consist of the commentary of Father Corderus, S.J., on the Book of Job.

Another Father from the East testifies:

The officers are very kind and obliging. On Sundays when there is no fighting, and when the church of the village where we camp is not too near the enemy's lines or has not become the prey of shell and flame, leave is given till 8 in the morning so that the men may attend Mass. Whenever possible we have High Mass with sermon. The church is always too small, there are men standing outside and the congregation is often from five to six hundred. There are many Confessions and Communions. The officers set the example.

Another paints a picture whose atmosphere would quite evaporate in any translation:

Pour ceux qui ne me connaissent pas, ma barbe me fait prendre pour un vieux grognard. "Hein, mon vieux, c'est pas une barbe de bleu, ça!" disait d'autre jour un gendarme. Et moi de riposter: "Dame non! 18 ans chez les Turcs!" Ma barbe et mes cheveux blancs me font prendre au pitié par les commères. J'entendais une brave femme dire attendrie à sa voisine: "Ah! mon Dieu! C'est y pas pitié! Ils ont encore trouvé moyen de prendre ce pauvre vieillard à cheveux blancs!" . . . J'ai rencontré à l'hôpital un moricaud malade. On a parlé Arabe. Les soldats en m'entendant m'exprimer dans cette belle langue étaient littéralement ébaubis. J'ai dû hausser de 5 or 6 pics dans leur estime.

Speaking of the East, it seems there is a sprinkling of Catholics among our Indian troops at the front. In one of the letters we come across some of them carrying Our Lady's statue in a parochial procession, and being entertained by the *Curé* afterwards—something of an event in a provincial French parish. The Algerian troops are mostly Mohammedan, but take very kindly to the chaplains. It is a great sign of success when a Jesuit finds himself pointed out as a "marabout."

But the most interesting of all from the British point of view is the story of Père Cavois:

In consequence of a strange series of circumstances I find myself an officer in the English Army. On my return from Ceylon, at the end of August, I was a private in the 8th Territorials and attached to the Staff of the Governor of Dunkirk when, the English aviators having arrived at Dunkirk, I was placed at their disposal as interpreter. I was offered a commission as lieutenant in their Corps, and seeing the means of making myself useful and serving them and their men, I accepted. The French military authorities agreed, and that is how I am now a lieutenant of the Naval Air Service. Since the beginning of September I have served in France and in Belgium, now in aeroplanes, now in military autos.

It is characteristic of the Jesuit to add:

Every day I am present at scenes of which any single one would suffice to leave impressions of horror in my mind for all the rest of my life. But while men's bodies are being horribly mutilated, there is immense good being done in their souls.

We hear of him elsewhere in the letters. He has been dining with Commander Briggs and his colleagues on the eve of their daring expedition to Friedrichshafen. He has been able to be of service to a Jesuit colleague wounded at Ypres. He is talked about in Boulogne, where an excellent Carmelite friar remarks: "Well, up to now the Jesuits have been everywhere except in the air, and now they are there as well!" But Père Cavois is not the only Jesuit airman; there is one in the French service also—Lieut. de Lavalette. "Whenever I go up," he says, "I put my ascent under Our Lady's protection, and then devote myself to my map and my observation duties." We may be sure that even if it comes to a matter of dropping bombs, his devotion will not in the least weaken his arm when he sets out "*faire sauter à la mélénite les Boches.*"

Nowhere is the revival more markedly seen than among the wounded, and making every allowance for human frailty, it is a happy augury for the future of France that seventy-five per cent of these recover, and will form the *corps d'élite* of the country after the war. We cannot even begin to transcribe the touching and consoling messages of the French Jesuits on this point; they would fill alone more than one issue of THE MONTH. We hope that such documents as Père Bouvier's *Carnet d'Infirmier* will be put in permanent form at the disposal of the public. His stories of the *petit Marseillais gentil comme un cœur*, who died in his Communion-thanksgiving; of the recalcitrant "Parisien," who was put to bed by the good Sisters on top of a perfect volcano of "holy projectiles," such as medals of St. Benedict, scapulars and the like, with the most happy results; of the particularly big sinner who was brought safely to land out of his bath, simultaneously *frotté in foro externo et interno*, should go to make a very useful book. Père Bouvier's wounded sing a touching adaptation of the Lourdes hymn:

A vous, O ma Mère,
O fleur de Jessé,
A vous la prière
Du soldat blessé. Avé, etc.

As to the fatal cases, the number of good deaths is most consoling.

One hospital chaplain writes, that out of forty-five deaths within a certain period, four alone of those were without the Sacraments; and of these four, two were cases of German Protestants. He records also any number of "second Communions," *i.e.*, returns to the Sacrament after childhood, including some of officers accompanied to the altar by groups of their men. This often requires a good deal of moral courage, as the circumstances so frequently prevent the privacy which is so great a help in such cases. Certainly the future is bright for France, with its promise, as has been finely said, of "the advent into the national life of a new element—the purified will of millions of men who have faced death, and have learned in the school of the trenches and the battlefield to distinguish the spurious from the real."

We have said little as yet of the Jesuit himself as soldier. The letters are of course full of vivid sketches of life in the trenches or behind the fighting line, and we may pass over such details, which of course bear a family likeness to

those which appear from day to day in our own press. Naturally the added religious element is very striking:

Last Sunday I could not go to Mass nor Vespers, for I was on guard at the Railway Station. But even so, one is happy; one sees the people coming back from church, one hears the bells, one sees the church in the distance. All the time holding one's gun, bayonet fixed, one makes one's meditation or says one's prayers, with occasional interruptions, "No admittance this way!" or "Move on, please!" Such is the life of a Jesuit Trooper.

To the novice from Canterbury, when one is on sentry-go, *on marche seul avec son bon ange*; and the letters are full of such reflections as these—"What a good Retreat a war is"; "one sees nothing but three things, God, France and death"; "I find war has a good deal in common with the Religious life." But simply as soldier the Jesuit has certainly made a name for himself in France, though he makes little of it and reserves all his enthusiasm for the men and for the secular clergy—particularly the *Curés* of the ravaged districts, whose heroism has been and is one of the great things of the war. But we can hardly pass over these things in silence. The heroic deaths of such men as Adjutant Deslandre, whose officers testified that he "ought to have died a hundred times" before at last he fell crying "Vive la France," to encourage his men to the attack, "the bravest and best beloved of soldiers"—and of many another, make up indeed a Roll of Honour. Without attempting to recount stories of individual heroism, one may take at random a quotation like the following, the meaning of which can easily be read between the lines:

I had the happiness to say Mass this morning in a church of which all the windows and the Sacristy had been demolished the other day. This was at Notre Dame d'Arras at St. Eloi. . . . One day last month we were attacking a German position at night and my regiment found itself ahead and out of touch with the regiment which ought to have been on our left. I was at the side of the commanding officer and offered to go and look for the regiment. I set out in the direction where it ought to be and heard the whistling of bullets. I called out "France!" and the fusillade was redoubled. These were certainly not my soldiers. I picked my way carefully back behind the line and at last came across those I was looking for. Throughout the night I was able to ensure the connection between the different units.

But one name we must select for a few words of further tribute—that of Père Louis Lenoir, acting chaplain, and named in March last Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. General Joffre thus writes of him:

Since the beginning of the operations he has daily provoked the admiration of officers and men alike by his courage and self-sacrifice. In every conflict he has always been to the front, carrying help to the wounded and lavishing his care upon all without distinction, whether in the accomplishment of his ministry or in helping the stretcher-bearers.

Testimony to other sides of his character is not wanting. "He is an admirable apostle," writes one *aumônier*, "he has surmounted in his work for the Colonials difficulties most military chaplains would have given up." The one difficulty was that he could not be got to stop working after his wound. The doctors had to put their foot down in the end, but it was not long before he was "at it again." Debarred from the fighting-line he turns to other work:

My wound does not heal, which is a nuisance for my work. However, I can do something, thank God!—go round the cantonments, hear a good many confessions, etc. Pray hard for my poor soldiers. So many of them are in utter ignorance of the supernatural. But at least they have good will. At my instructions yesterday morning and evening they came in crowds, filling the church, almost on the altar and in the pulpit, and massed at the back, out into the square.

A fortnight later he reports his wound healed, but one leg has given way, so that he cannot get about the trenches. However, he manages to get up to the dressing-station, and see most of the wounded of the regiment he had then definitely attached himself to—the 4th colonial. It was, in fact, while ministering to his *chers marsouins* that he was called away to receive his Cross from General Gourand:

Ma grande joie est que la décoration s'est ainsi trouvée attachée officiellement sur le Saint-Sacrement même, qui, dans l'occurrence, la méritait seul.

In like manner, did space allow, one might tell the story of Père Gilbert de Gironde, who began the campaign as private soldier, and died in the trenches as lieutenant with the military medal—"a miracle of courage, grit, charity and humility," of Maurice Bugnet, sergeant, mentioned in dis-

patches, who died in carrying out a difficult movement during an attack—"an admirable soldier, beloved by his comrades and respected by his officers,"—and many another. No wonder an eminent general said, "I am always glad to have Jesuits under me"; and no wonder they find, as the war proceeds, that even from the lowest point of view it now pays to "avow themselves Jesuit." Yet, notwithstanding the enormous gains, the wisdom of the Church's general rule is manifest, nay, is repeatedly insisted on, throughout these letters. It is a case of good coming out of that enormous evil and abuse which was the Military Law of 1889.

Our Catholic weekly press has already made us fairly familiar with the types of scene—inspiring or pathetic—to be witnessed at the front in connexion with the actual ministration of Divine affairs. Needless to say, the Jesuit letters are full of vivid full-length pictures. They deepen the twofold impression everyone must already have felt. On the one hand we see the indefatigable devotion of Catholics to the Divine Honour, a devotion which, in the midst of a world-cataclysm, will take thought for the completeness to the last detail, where it is possible, of its offering of praise and prayer. The stories of the Christmas and Easter celebrations are striking in this respect. Take for instance a midnight Mass 600 yards from the enemy; the church in ruins, but its large crypt arrayed for service—altar, lights, crib, and flowers; commanding officer and staff, soldiers and civilians crowding it to the doors, all kneeling on the ground; yet all the ceremonies of High Mass observed, the Creed started by a sergeant and taken up heartily by all; Communion given to nearly all; and afterwards the cantiques so well loved by the French—"Noël," "Minuit Chrétiens," and "Pitié, mon Dieu!" Elsewhere we read of the whole liturgical Office, of a fifty-minute sermon, and so forth—things which perhaps may make some of us ashamed who in the peace of an English Sunday feel aggrieved if a preacher talks for more than about ten minutes. The stories of Easter are the same. On the other hand, still stronger is the impression of the motherliness of Holy Church, who, rather than that her children should go without the Bread of Life, is prepared apparently to jettison at need all the rubrics she ever imposed. That is one of the advantages, so strongly borne in on the mind of a convert-writer, of being a Catholic; no one is tempted to make free in normal circumstances because everything is

permitted in abnormal ones. Where one can do things properly, war or no war, one will do them—such is the impression these letters give—but where one cannot; well, the most amazing things may happen. One says Mass apparently where or how one can, and almost anything will do for the purpose, rubrics or no rubrics. But most arresting and touching of all is the extent to which the condescension of our Blessed Lord in His Eucharistic abnegation is frankly and filially made the most of. He is taken at His word simply and utterly. It seems, for instance, that the *aumôniers* habitually carry the Blessed Sacrament with them, whether actually proceeding to communicate certain definite persons or not; also that priest-soldiers at times take It into the trenches to communicate others who cannot get to the Church—and this when on ordinary fighting duty. One can well believe the words of one Jesuit *aumônier*: “Le bon Maître que j’ai l’honneur de porter sur mon cœur partout, pour le donner aux combattants et aux blessés à toute heure, me ménage des surprises bien joyeuses.” We cannot conclude without just one story of the Blessed Sacrament, though we must compress and paraphrase rather than translate:

I arranged with our Colonel to say a midnight Mass for those who could get out of the trenches. We fixed on a hamlet well to the front, deserted by its inhabitants and shelled to pieces. Soon the men returning from the trenches appeared, and they could hardly believe their ears when I told them they should have Mass. At once confessions began, one in a cave, another in a room open to all the winds, another in the road. The Colonel took me to the room where the Mass was to be said, when word came that a German attack was expected, and many of the soldiers would have to return at once. I consoled them by promising to bring them Holy Communion afterwards. At midnight I began; there were a few artificial flowers on my altar, found by a soldier in a house close by. We could not sing; indeed had to take great care to make no noise at all, so close were we to the enemy; all who were present had their arms with them, ready to leave at the sound of alarm. After the Mass I took the remaining Hosts, but was unable to carry Them into the trenches on account of the expected attack. So I clasped the Blessed Sacrament to my breast and lay down on some straw in a cave, by the side of some officers. It was Christmas night, and the Child Jesus lay on the straw of Bethlehem; nothing could happen to us that night at least. And so I fell asleep, meditating upon Bethlehem, and thanking Him for this midnight Mass that

had had no music but the thundering of the guns. At six o'clock I was on foot again towards the nearest village, to say my second and third Mass..

It has been our fortune to have seen the "home" letters of members of only one particular Order. But the Church and France have many others, and doubtless from similar domestic accounts a record could be compiled of the good work accomplished and the heroic deeds done by the children of St. Benedict, St. Dominic, St. Francis, and others in the long fighting line from Armentières to Carspach. We trust that at least the materials for such a history are being preserved.

H. S. D.

TO MY ATHEIST.

Sit on my sofa, sceptic friend,
And preach me a sermon true.
You hold that my Christ is a dream of man
And you don't believe God? Not you!
And "Come unto me, ye weary ones
That I may give you rest"
May do very well for a mind unhinged,
But *you* like Shakespeare best!

Sit there on my sofa, sceptic friend,
And preach me a sermon true.
If I have fed on the Son of God—
And you—you are merely you,—
O preach me that sermon, sceptic friend:
I too have my own sore need.
I will take your sermon away this night
And give you my thanks indeed.

For if I have fed on the Son of God,
If I firmly hold Him true,
If I have tasted His glorious Love,
While you—are only you,
Then shame! ah! shame! on my vaunted faith
In the Son of God Most High!
For you at least can boast you are you—
While I—am only—I.

H. M. CROSS.

A Voice in the Night.

DOWN in beautiful Devon stands the old dwelling called by the narrator of this little history "The Brotherhood." It has long been a monastery, and in its chapel, on the altar of the Sacred Heart, fastened to a cross of ebony, is the crucifix set with five great rubies mentioned in the story; a story which began on the day when Stephen Heckerton, strolling up and down the wide, paved courtyard, waiting for his grandfather to join him, came to the conclusion that there was a peculiar charm about an English spring.

The breath of April was in the air; her green veil lay softly over the hedgerows. Young lambs, scarcely knowing as yet what to do with their legs, gambolled awkwardly in the fields. A church bell was ringing in the valley below; a familiar sound to the young man, most of whose twenty-three years had been spent in wandering about southern Europe with his artist father. The sound blended agreeably with the landscape, he thought, studying it—as he studied everything—from the purely artistic point of view.

His grandfather came out of the house, a man accompanying him. As they neared Stephen, Mr. Heckerton said severely:

"I'm surprised at you, Bennet. It is rank superstition. It is a bowing down to idols. You are a man who knows his Bible, and that is how you will find such conduct described there."

"I can't help it, Squire. When my wife heard I was going to work as usual, she took on so, and made such a moither, that I had to give in."

"Like the man invited to the dinner who couldn't come because he'd married a wife. You have been married nearly a year. How is it that you let your wife dictate to you in matters of conscience? The husband is the head of the house, and should be obeyed."

Bennet looked away down the valley.

"Well"—Mr. Heckerton's tone was decisive—"if you do not go to work with the others, consider yourself discharged at the end of this week. You have sat under our ministers and heard the Word expounded by them since as a little lad you came with your good father and mother. If you mean to be a backslider you are not the man for me. That's my last word on the subject. Think it over."

"I needn't think about it, Squire." Bennet's tone was a bit dogged. "I've promised the wife I'm going with her to church to-day, an' I'm goin'. 'Taint an ornary day, neither. I'm not settled in my mind that the missus isn't right."

"I've said all I have to say in the matter," replied Mr. Heckerton, turning to his grandson.

"What day is it?" asked Stephen, as they went on their way to inspect draining operations in a distant field.

"Good Friday."

"What is the man's particular offence?" inquired Stephen, glancing back at Bennet disappearing in the direction of the valley.

"His wife attends the church—Church of England—down there. Since his marriage Bennet has been culpably lax in his attendances at chapel."

"Is he a good workman?"

"Excellent."

"Does it really matter what kind of church he goes to?" asked Stephen, easily. Neither he nor his father—dead only a couple of months ago—had ever attended religious functions of any sort, except to sketch picturesque "bits," connected therewith. Mr. Heckerton looked at him grimly.

"You are my heir, remember, Stephen. I hope to see you a true servant of God. For twenty-five years—ever since he married against my wish—I held no intercourse with your father. What religion do you profess?"

"None at all, my dear sir." The tone was utterly indifferent. The matter was evidently considered absolutely unimportant.

"You will attend chapel with me, and—in time—I hope your heart may be touched. We have a very godly minister. There are no forms or ceremonies with us. We abhor them. Neither do we observe superstitious times and seasons."

Stephen strolled down to the little town—scarcely more than a village—next day. He had only reached England on the previous Wednesday. He came to the conclusion that

Wyllerton was well-stocked with chapels; and wondered where in so small a place each chapel found a congregation, and why the inhabitants couldn't do their praying together. The chapels were all locked up; but he went into the Parish Church, regarding with disapprobation the Lion and Unicorn over the Communion-table, flanked on each side by black wooden tablets inscribed with the Ten Commandments. The building was of considerable antiquity. Stephen's eye was caught by the font, a relic of pre-Reformation times; at present a receptacle for the sexton's wife's brushes and dusters. That good woman coming in, and proceeding to disinter scrubbing-brushes from its depth, Stephen felt his æsthetic tastes wounded, and withdrew.

"Why is this house called 'The Brotherhood'?" he asked, sitting at dinner with his grandfather in the long dining-room, black oak panels from floor to ceiling.

"Some monkish Order had it, I believe, in Henry VIII.'s time. Its present name was given it by the country-folk, I suppose. This part is somewhat later than that on the other side of the hall. There are fine bits of carving in the old rooms. You may as well look round, and choose yourself a bedroom and study, when you feel inclined."

"How did the place come into the family, sir?" Stephen was beginning to feel more at ease with the grim old man who was his only living relative. He looked a fine, dignified figure in the great carved chair at the head of the table.

"As a gift to a Roger Heckerton, who had light given him to abjure the errors of Popery, and adopt the Reformed Religion."

"Turned his coat, in fact, to gain an estate, eh? I'm sorry it came into the family in that way."

There was considerable displeasure—and much perplexity—in the keen, grey eyes regarding him; but Stephen was too unconscious of having given any cause for offence to notice it.

"It is difficult for me to understand how any person can be absolutely without religious belief," said Mr. Heckerton, after a pause spent in studying this bewildering young scion of his house.

"I really haven't any, sir."

"And what about your immortal soul?"

"Do you really think that a question anybody can answer?" asked the young man, airily. "These things don't interest me; they didn't interest my father. I'm not in the least introspective."

"Don't use fine terms." The old voice was stern. "Say openly you are an unbeliever."

"But I'm not. Not in the very least. I believe in all sorts of things."

"There is only one thing that matters."

"I remember"—the handsome dark face grew grave at the recollection—"those were the very words the priest used who came to see my dear father. I wondered a little over them at the time."

"The—the—priest—did you say?"

"Yes. A very pleasant man—a Jesuit, I believe. He was kindness itself. I don't know what I should have done without him during those last days."

The silence that followed was tense. Stephen looked up inquiringly. There was something akin to horror on the face opposite him.

"A—a Jesuit! Was there no Protestant minister within reach that you allowed one of those—those—spies—to come to my son's death-bed?"

"It was my father's wish, sir; and—excuse me—but really all those ideas about Jesuits are pretty well exploded by this time. What in the name of common sense should there be to spy upon when a man comes to visit a dying stranger?"

"Was your father—my son—a Papist? Don't hesitate, sir. Let me know the worst."

"I'm hesitating only because I really am not quite sure what happened," returned the young man, gravely; his voice held a note of pain; the thought of his father was very dear and sacred to him. "I understood that my father was received—as it is termed—into the Church; and he seemed extraordinarily peaceful and happy about it; but I was too much knocked over by his sudden illness to have a very clear idea of anything. He was buried with Catholic rites."

"My son!" The words were a groan. The old man covered his face with his hands. Stephen felt a little wrathful. His grandfather had ignored his father during his lifetime, he reflected; it seemed absurd to make this fuss about mere creeds and ceremonies now.

Mr. Heckerton raised his head and looked across at him.

"We will speak of these things again," he said, and, to his grandson's great relief, left the room.

Dinner at "The Brotherhood" was at five. Stephen

strolled out in the twilight, taking the opposite direction to that he had followed in the morning. The little townlet extended to right and left of the elevation on which "The Brotherhood" stood. The houses here were mostly of the cottage type. Suddenly a bell rang out. The three sharp strokes had a familiar sound. Stephen looked round and saw, lying back from the road, a little grey building surmounted by a cross. A number of bicycles leant against the wall.

A swift, light step sounded behind him, and a girl passed; a tall, slim girl in a grey dress. She carried great sheaves of Lent lilies and greenery, and disappeared into a cottage beside the chapel, which Stephen rightly conjectured must be the priest's dwelling.

Stephen had found the aspect of the countryfolk uninteresting hitherto; it was a relief to see something that moved without a slouch.

He sat down on a garden wall, and presently some twenty or thirty people came out of the chapel, and dispersed. When the last had vanished he went into the building.

Two or three boys in noisy boots were clattering in and out of a tiny sacristy, bearing vases of flowers.

"To be sure," said Stephen to himself, coming out again, offended by the noise they made, "to-morrow is the Easter festival."

Easter meant nothing to him but more or less picturesque ceremonies in more or less picturesque buildings. He sat down again on the wall in the gathering darkness, and waited for the return of the girl in the grey dress. A man with a crutch came along the road towards him.

"Pleasant evening, sir," remarked Stephen, who was getting desperately sick of himself. The stranger, a man of about thirty, replied courteously. The face turned towards Stephen looked pale and worn in the dusk; but the voice was cultured and refined. Stephen's heart warmed to the sound. He had exchanged no word with one of his own class except his grandfather since his arrival.

"That is a Catholic Church, is it not?" he asked, quite aware of the banality of the question, but anything was better than letting an interesting stranger go.

There was a pleasant light on the face regarding him.

"It is. Pardon me—but—you are a Catholic, sir?"

"No."

"I thought you must be as you omitted the usual prefix," said the other, laughingly.

"You mean 'Roman'? I have just come from a country—Italy—where that prefix is unnecessary."

"I'm organist here," said the lame man. "My name is Antony Furlong."

"And mine Stephen Heckerton."

"Then—I was about to suggest that you should come and see our little church; but ——"

"With pleasure. Why not?"

"Squire Heckerton—as the villagers call him—does not love Popery"; with a little laugh.

"My dear sir, what has that to do with me?" asked Stephen. "I've read of the strife of creeds in this country, and it begins to strike me that they will form a rather interesting study—at any rate there seems to be an endless variety of them. I'm neither Catholic nor Protestant. I'm nothing at all. I'll come in with pleasure."

He sat below in the darkness while the organist made melody in the little gallery above, forgetful of his hearer's very existence; and was presently rewarded by having an introduction under the stars to the organist's sister, the girl in the grey dress, and walked home with them through the sweet spring night.

"I'm a trifle sorry for Mr. Heckerton if he tells his grandfather where he has been to-night," remarked Mary Furlong, with a little laugh, as the brother and sister sat down to supper. "Horrid old man! He has turned Jasper Dunnet out of his cottage because he let his children come to our Christmas Tree! He only found out that they had been a fortnight ago, and promptly gave the Dunned notice to leave."

"He's a bit bigoted," replied her brother, with a sigh.

"A bit bigoted! When you know very well that he's done all he can to prevent you having pupils, just because we are Catholics! A bit bigoted, indeed! Don't be so inhumanly charitable, Tony!"

New surroundings had hitherto meant to Stephen Heckerton new interests shared with a kindred spirit. His father had married at twenty; he and Stephen had been chums from the boy's earliest recollections, for his mother died in his infancy. But now, although he threw himself whole-

heartedly into the business of his grandfather's estate, there were moments when Stephen had the novel sensation of being distinctly bored.

He dutifully accompanied Mr. Heckerton on the first Sunday after his arrival—Easter Day—to the place of worship affected by that relative; a bald-faced building of stone, over the door whereof appeared in large black letters the modest announcement: "THIS IS THE HOUSE OF GOD."

Stephen, moved to irreverence at the sight of the interior, doubted that statement's veracity.

A gallery ran round three sides of the place. High pews filled the centre. There was a lofty pulpit with a red velvet cushion, and below it a reading-desk, occupied by a "deacon," whose office it was to announce the hymns.

Squire Heckerton was one of the chapel magnates. All eyes followed him and the grandson who was to inherit his property. A gentleman of imperfect education, but much fervour, occupied the pulpit, and had quite enough to do there. He read and explained—from his own point of view—sundry Bible chapters, throwing new—and occasionally lurid—light on the sacred text; and his lengthy prayers, delivered with closed eyes, and much shouting—as though addressing invisible and awful Powers from an incalculable distance, jarred exceedingly on Stephen's fastidious ears.

That young man, beginning by being amused, went on to extreme boredom, and, during the sermon—so extremely anti-papal that he unjustly suspected his grandfather of having given the preacher special instructions—fell asleep with his head wedged into the angle of the pew.

Discovering that there was an evening service, invariably attended by the household, Stephen vanished after the five o'clock dinner, and could by no means be found.

He occupied himself until supper-time in sampling the various meeting-houses, beginning with the Parish Church, where he found a young curate of blighted aspect, with yearnings for incense and vestments, but obliged to content himself with the very lowest of "Low" services, plaintively going through an exercise he called "intoning." His Vicar was absent, or even this indulgence—symptomatic of "Roman" tendencies—would have been denied his afflicted soul.

The congregation—slumbering peacefully, with the exception of a boy audibly sucking toffee, and a deaf old woman who gave unauthorized responses at embarrassing intervals—numbered about twenty.

The various little "Bethels," "Ebenezers," "Sions," and so on—each representing a diverse creed—had in some cases crowded congregations, and were as a rule extremely stuffy; but bore a strong family likeness to the one Stephen had graced with his presence that morning.

His grandfather made no comment on his absence. The old man was, in truth, unspeakably perplexed about him. Those long years of silent resentment towards his only child had not been happy years for the Squire. He had sent for the young man; and had no wish to estrange him as he had done his father. For a time, at any rate, he resolved to study Stephen, and strive to understand him.

The more ancient part of the rambling old house filled Stephen with rapture; he chose for himself three rooms looking out upon a good-sized space, apparently in long-ago days the interior of a building. Fragments of stone walls surrounded it on three sides; but it was overgrown with grass, wild flowers, and shrubs. From a window in the smallest of Stephen's three rooms a flight of broken stone steps led down into it. Looking out one morning Stephen saw a man apparently digging there, and went down to him.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

The man straightened himself. He had been raising a big oblong stone slab.

"Squire said I might get myself a new hearthstone, sir."

"But"—Stephen stooped down to the stone. Faint traces of sculpture showed on it. He made out the words: "Hic jacet"—"this is a tombstone," he said.

"Aye, sir. 'Twas a burin' place oncet, I reckon," observed the man, taking up his pick again.

"Let the stone alone, man!" exclaimed Stephen, imperatively. "Have you no sense of reverence for the dead?"

"They'm nought but papishes as lies here, an' only bones at thatten, sir. I've heard Squire say so."

"No matter who they were, I'll not have the place desecrated," returned Stephen, peremptorily. "Get yourself a hearthstone with that"; putting some coins into the man's hand.

There was a strong sense of irritation upon the young man as he pressed the great slab back into its place. He thought of that distant burial-ground where his father's body had been laid. Papists or no papists, the dead should be left in peace. He began next day a search for more evidences

of the original uses of the place, and found, close to the steps leading from his room, a block of lichen-overgrown stone, evidently the central shaft of a great crucifix. The arms of the cross had been roughly broken off; but part of one still remained. There were holes where once the figure of the Crucified Saviour had been fastened, and some faint tracery on the back of the stone impossible to define.

Stephen found a labourer, and between them they presently unearthed, buried deeply below the soil, the square slab on which the crucifix had once stood.

"And what are you going to do with it?" inquired the Squire, eyeing the relic with extreme disfavour, when fetched to see it as it stood once more close to the flight of steps.

"Train ivy round it," returned his grandson; "we may be lucky enough to find the rest of it among the rubbish."

"No accounting for tastes," observed the Squire, grimly; but this buoyant, sunshiny young fellow had already found a soft place in the lonely old man's heart.

"He's just his father over again, with his fads and artistic rubbish," he said to himself; and let his grandson go on his way unrebuked. To lose him out of his life, as he had lost his father, was a contingency not to be contemplated by the Squire with serenity.

Stephen lay in wait for the organist that night.

"Yes," said Antony Furlong, in answer to his questions. "'The Brotherhood' was a monastic house, but its records have vanished. That enclosure was the church, I imagine."

Mary Furlong stood at the cottage gate, and greeted Stephen as briefly as was consistent with courtesy. She was bareheaded; her rich, golden-brown hair wound like a coronet round her head; her brown eyes looked almost black in the gloaming.

"Won't you come in?" asked Antony; but Mary said nothing to second the invitation; so Stephen declined it, and went off feeling a little sore.

"You might be a trifle more cordial to Heckerton, Molly. Don't you like him?" asked Antony, reproachfully.

"Oh, really Tony, why should I? I hate the very name of Heckerton! I can't think why he comes bothering round you!"

"It's pleasant for me, at any rate," returned Antony.

"And that old idiot of a Squire!" objected Mary, impatiently, "I don't care, Tony, he *is* an idiot!—would be

furious if he knew that you and his precious grandson were friendly."

Time went on, but the Squire's perplexities did not decrease. Stephen's invariable courtesy, his graceful deference worried the old man. He would have preferred direct opposition to the airy unconcern his grandson displayed towards the religious exercises in which he took a passive part. Nothing would draw the young man into an argument. He abhorred controversy. The Squire would have liked nothing better than a wrangle. He invited the "pastor" of the chapel to dinner frequently, and he and that illiterate shepherd discussed theology—of sorts—making vigorous efforts to draw the courteous listener into the discussion, but all in vain.

The Squire was secretly proud of the handsome young fellow, upon whose strong arm it was pleasant to lean returning from a tramp over the fields. He liked his stories of foreign countries, and thought his sketches works of art—which they were not. If only—said the Squire to himself—he could see his grandson "a believer"—in the sense understood in that ambitiously-designated conventicle wherein Stephen made a weekly appearance—he should have nothing further to desire.

Having Stephen's foreign upbringing in mind, he lost no opportunity of attacking the tenets and practices of "Rome." Most amazing to any "Roman" would the majority of those tenets, and all those practices have been if put before him. Such an anti-popery atmosphere at last thickened around Stephen that he became curious to discover how many of the charges made against the largest body of Christians in the world were true; and as autumn came on, invested in a stock of controversial, and other, church literature, and made up his mind to study.

He mentioned this intention one night at the cottage, having been brought in—against his own desire—by Antony. He had an idea that his host's sister disliked him. She sat there rather ostentatiously absorbed in her needlework; and he thought what a very pleasant sight she was. Stephen had had scarcely any feminine society. He rather envied Antony.

"What books have you got?" asked the organist.

Stephen ran over the list. Mary looked up and laughed. Stephen felt just a little nettled.

"You think I undertake a task beyond my powers, Miss Furlong?"

"I think you are giving yourself an enormous amount of unnecessary labour, and wasting a good deal of time," was her unexpected verdict. "It is not as if you had to clear away a mountain of prejudices, as most people have to do. What do you want to know?"

"What the so-called 'Roman' Church actually *does* teach. I want plain, definite statements, not a mass of nebulous charges."

Mary drew from the drawer of her work-table a little red book.

"You'll find all you want to know in that," she said, serenely; and Stephen went home with the Penny Catechism in his pocket.

That night Mary astonished her brother considerably.

"Let's say the Rosary together for Mr. Heckerton, Tony," she said, with a praiseworthy attempt at a matter-of-fact tone. "I prophesy ructions at 'The Brotherhood' by-and-by."

And Tony—wise in his generation—assented without comment.

That he should be able to find what he wanted in a penny pamphlet Stephen did not for one instant believe. Courtesy to Mary Furlong, however, required that he should acquaint himself with that pamphlet's contents. He put it beside the pile of books on his study table, with a little smile.

The Squire went to bed early. It was only nine o'clock when Stephen re-entered his study. His three rooms had each two doors, one opening into the corridor, the other into the adjoining chamber. He usually kept the inner doors open. His bedroom was at one end, the study with its half-glass door opening on the steps at the other. The firelight danced cheerily on the ceiling and the rows of bookshelves. He had ridden to a farm at some distance that morning, and had been digging and rummaging among the ruins since his return, so felt pleasantly tired. He drew his chair up before the fire, and went off into a brown study.

Now of the events of that night Stephen was always very chary of speaking; nor was it until long after that the account of them—written while still fresh and vivid in his memory—came into the narrator's hands. There are always persons ready with an explanation for every happening under the sun. To such the explanation of Stephen's experiences may be left.

He roused himself presently from his musings, and turned

to the table. An antique silver lamp, swinging from a chain in the ceiling, filled the room with soft light. A sense of extreme physical well-being was upon the young man. His glance fell appreciatively on his surroundings; there was not a jarring note. He took up the nearest book. It was *The Imitation*, and opening it idly—his mind still full of that comfortable sense of security—read:

"Ah, fool! why thinkest thou to live long, when thou art not sure of one day?"

With a sudden sense of irritation he threw down the book. The light had suddenly become dimmer—so he fancied. He looked round. Strange shadows lay heavily in the corners of the room; there was a chill in the air. Looking down the vista of the adjoining rooms, a dense blackness, in which something seemed moving, faced him.

Nerves—in their usually accepted meaning—were unknown to Stephen.

"It's the quiet of the place—and"—with a laugh—"too good a dinner, I expect," he said to himself, and went through the next room and into his bedroom.

In spite of the knowledge that the corridor doors were locked he was impatiently conscious of having half-expected to find something—so he phrased it. The windows were open, yet the atmosphere weighed upon him almost tangibly. As closing the doors behind him he went back to the study, he had an odd feeling of being accompanied.

The light undoubtedly *was* dimmer. He turned up the lamp impatiently, and sat down; but the pleasant impression of well-being was gone. In its place was a strange knowledge that a *something* was threatening him; a something evil, with the power and will to hurt.

He stretched out his hand towards the pile of books, and, as he did so, marked how the shadows had thickened, had become one; a blackness dense and overhanging, seeming to have a substance and volition of its own. It stretched over the room; the lamplight showing dimly through it, and the man's heart chilled with a strange and awful terror.

Closer still it came, falling around him, enveloping him like a pall, blotting out his surroundings. In all the universe he was conscious only of himself and it. All his courage gone he cowered into a heap in the chair, his eyes wide with terror, his face clammy with sweat.

Then from without came a call:

"Stephen? Stephen Heckerton?"

It broke the spell of terror that held him. He sprang to the door and threw it open; but the shadow was before him, lying like a pool of blackness at his feet hiding the steps; and yonder on the spot where the tombstone had been disturbed, in the full glory of the moonlight, stood a man.

"I'm coming!" cried Stephen, making a step forward, then, stumbling heavily over something unseen, threw out his arms wildly, and caught at the broken cross.

It was but an instant. Still clinging to the jagged stone that had saved him from a probably fatal fall among the fragments of masonry at its base, he saw the shadow roll itself up and disappear, and the moonlight fell full on the steps.

"Stephen? Stephen Heckerton?"

Again the call. Stephen swung himself back to a secure footing and went down into the enclosure.

As he drew near he saw a tall, slight figure in a dark robe, with something lying about the shoulders, stooping over the stone whereon he had read the "*Hic jacet.*" There was a strange air of familiarity about the figure, though its outline was oddly vague and blurred.

"You called me ——?" he began, his voice sounding strangely in his ears, then stopped as the man turned and looked at him, and, as in a mirror, Stephen saw his own face. Then the man was gone, and the moonlight falling on the stone showed something lying there that glittered.

With a bewildered feeling of unreality about him Stephen went up to the place. In the middle of the stone lay a crucifix of tarnished metal, a scrap of broken chain fastened to it. The young man—strangely reluctant to touch it—knelt down to examine it more closely. The moonlight struck on five stones set in the metal work, showing redly like drops of blood.

A little ashamed of his reluctance, Stephen picked up the crucifix, and, as he did so, far distant, but clear as the chime of a silver bell, came the call again, entreating, yet insistent:

"Stephen? Stephen Heckerton?"

"And when I'm dead, the place is to go into the hands of a set of popish great-grandchildren, is it?"

The Squire was working himself into a rage—a frequent exercise of late. Easter had come again, and on Easter Day Stephen was to make his First Communion in the little Catho-

lic chapel in the valley. There *had* been, and still were, "ructions" at "The Brotherhood."

"I think not, sir," he answered, quietly.

"I can will away every scrap of land; every mortal thing I possess—bear that in mind, Stephen. You'd be left with nothing but your mother's hundred a year."

"You won't do it, though, Grandfather," the pleasant, frank face was turned to the old man with a smile. "Surely a man must be left free to obey what he feels to be the call of God?"

"I expect you to stay with me while I live, mind that." The old voice was broken.

"And I'll do so, sir."

"Well, I warn you. You'll repent of this folly, that's all," concluded the Squire, unsteadily; but he accepted his grandson's arm as they went across the fields together.

It was under the stars on Easter night, with the Easter peace upon his soul, that Stephen Heckerton told Mary Furlong the story of his strange experience. They were sitting together in the little garden before the cottage, for Mary no longer hated "the very name of Heckerton."

She looked up at him now with lustrous eyes, in which there was a touch of pain.

"I know now," he said, meeting the look with eyes as frank and steadfast as her own; "yes, I believe I know the meaning of that thrice-repeated call."

And as he spoke the hope that had grown in the listener's heart during those past months fell dead.

"You mean —?" Her voice was a little shaken.

"That to me, as to the young man in the Gospel, it has been said: 'If thou wilt be perfect . . . come follow Me.' I want you to tell me to obey the call, Mary."

She rose, her face white in the dusk, but her eyes like stars, and held out her hands to him as she said:

"God be with you, Stephen; and God bless you!"

There is a portrait of Father Stephen Heckerton in the room that was once his study, a portrait painted long after he had left youth behind him; but the dark eyes are full of gentle mirth, and the lips are of the sort to which smiles come readily. A lovable personality his must have been; and his memory is still fragrant.

FELICIA CURTIS.

Miscellanea.

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

The Evolution of the "Snowball Prayer."

REFERENCE has more than once been made in these pages¹ to that diabolical device for working upon the sensibilities of the scrupulous and the superstitious which is conveniently described as a "snowball prayer." As a contribution towards the history of this engine of torture it may be worth while to call attention to an early example, comparatively harmless in itself, but evidently paving the way for those later developments which are so much more seriously objectionable. To those who know anything of the subsequent history of the two children, Maximin and Mélanie, who were the depositories of the supposed revelations of La Salette, it will not be altogether matter of surprise that the leaflet which we proceed to quote apparently has some connection with this source.

A Priest while saying holy Mass heard a voice which told him: the predictions of La Salette are on the point of being fulfilled, tell men to pray a great deal in order to appease the anger of God. All who shall say the following prayer twice a day and who will distribute it to seven other persons will be preserved from these calamities.

Prayer. Divine Eucharist, Bread of Angels, Manna of Heaven, I ask Thy pardon for all the outrages that have been committed against Thee in Europe. Vouchsafe to pardon me and to exempt me from these calamities. Amen.

This leaflet—the original is in French—was in circulation in 1877, at which date the late Mgr. Barbier de Montault animadverted upon it severely in the *Semaine du Clergé* (pp. 1134—1136). Needless to say that it bore no episcopal approbation, and, what is almost equally a matter of

¹ See THE MONTH, Feb. 1909, "Omens, Dreams and such like Fooleries"; also June, 1910, p. 640.

course, was incorrectly printed. Mgr. Barbier de Montault, with much reason, criticizes the wording of the prayer, which we have translated quite literally, and he also not obscurely intimates his belief that the famous "secret" of La Salette of which so much was made, amounted to no more than this: "If France continues to sin, she will be punished."¹ But what interests us here is only the fact that the gaining of certain privileges attached to a particular prayer was represented as being contingent upon its distribution to seven other persons. The threat of calamity in the case of non-compliance is of course a refinement of torture, which only appears in the later developments of this propagandist contrivance.

H. T.

"Broken Cisterns."

The extent to which writers, who do not acknowledge the guidance of the institution founded by God to lead men to the truth, are content to sit at the feet of mere fallible mortals like themselves and to accord to them a more than pontifical homage is frequently illustrated by reviews in the press of the works of eminent scientific men or critical historians. Perhaps the German "philosopher" Haeckel would now meet with scant reverence from English journalists, but there was a time when his crude dogmatism was hailed by the secular press as positively the "last word" about human origins.¹ However, apparently we still retain our open-mouthed admiration for home products of the same rationalistic school. In the *Saturday Review*, a paper which would doubtless claim to be Christian, there appeared on May 1st an article-review on Sir James Frazer's completed *Golden Bough*, which made disconcertingly evident how readily human credulity takes possession of minds devoid of divine faith. If that author had presented himself armed with all the claims and credentials of an Apostle, the worship of this particular disciple could hardly have been more reverential. Yet even for him the facts are too strong, and it is amusing to note how his native honesty has to struggle with

¹ We have before us the reprint of Mgr. Barbier de Montault's article contained in his *Œuvres complètes*, Tom. V. (1892), pp. 193-195.

² See THE MONTH for May, 1910, p. 526.

his determination to praise. Sir James's performance—one has no wish to discredit the immense industry that has gone to the compilation of this vast armoury of anthropological facts, however one may deprecate the use of it to illustrate the alleged atheistic evolution of religion—is hailed, not as exact science, but as “something finer,” viz., “the audacity and thrust of a powerful mind delighting in the freedom to imagine and suggest which is allowed to it by the range and scope of a vast theme.” Not being able to credit the work with qualities which alone would justify the dominant position which he assigns to it, the reviewer adroitly turns its defects into virtues and eulogizes the very shortcomings which mar its utility. Being thus free “to imagine and suggest,” we are told that “Sir James's motive has not been wholly scientific and his choice of facts is not, we feel, always determined by scientific principles.” But the reviewer unhappily does not tell us why Sir James should “choose” his facts nor what is his principle of selection. Surely, unless his zeal for truth is in subordination to some other less creditable impulse, Sir James should have faced *all* the facts that his research disclosed. The result of this selection is, as even the reviewer sees, that “for a generation to come no specialist . . . will be able to omit a reference to his work, but these references will be to a large extent corrective.” In other words, it is *already* plain that Sir James is not to be trusted in his manipulation of facts: he has not really served truth by his series of poetically-named volumes, but added rather to multitudinous error. Future generations are to have the trouble of setting him right. However, the reviewer still proceeds with his naïvely equivocal eulogy. “The confidence with which Sir James Frazer moves within the vast area he has undertaken to explore is the more remarkable, as he has no Procrustean system of his own to act as guide or compass.” Why then, we ask once more, does he select his facts? In any case, it is no great credit to an investigator, but a very elementary part of his equipment, to start without fixed theories, lest he should be tempted merely to look for facts to support them. What we suspect the reviewer really to mean is that Sir J. Frazer was not hampered in his studies by any settled religious convictions, which of course is taken in rationalist circles as a positive merit. Such “thinkers” find it convenient to ignore that religious truth is as much a matter of evidence as any other kind. By ruling out the

facts of revelation and their proofs, they sin against one of the very first canons of all scientific research, and show themselves the victims of prejudice as rank as any superstition they condemn. As an unbeliever we may grant that Sir James Frazer has undoubtedly more freedom than the Christian in his investigations; he is scaling the Alps of knowledge without guide or rope; he can fall into error much more easily; he has little secure foothold whence to advance with any certainty of real progress; he is free to conjecture, precisely because ignorant of truth.

We cannot but feel that his eulogist has done Sir James Frazer little service by thus emphasizing his limitations and mistaken methods. He has obscured his real merit, which is that of an unwearied explorer in the regions of myth and legend, by ignoring what does make for his moral credit in the completion of his great work, viz., the wholesome mistrust of his own original dogmatism which in succeeding editions he has made increasingly manifest. We are not now criticizing the *Golden Bough* but the *Saturday* reviewer, who has put its author in so false a position; in fact, we would save the latter from his friends. Sir James Frazer has been severely criticized during the quarter-century in which his work has grown into its present form, but he has not been ashamed to learn; he has profited by criticism. He will doubtless have to endure more, as his reviewer suggests: we may venture to hope that, in spite of the incense burnt in his honour by such thoughtless admirers, he will continue to grow in that scrupulous regard for evidence and that true humility of mind which alone give value to pioneer work of this kind.

J. K.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

Wilful Murder.

We do not see how any moralist could do otherwise than endorse the verdict passed by the Kinsale jury at the inquest on the victims of the *Lusitania* outrage on Friday, May 14th. A week before, the great liner, carrying in all 1,906 innocent non-combatants, travelling by sea on their lawful occasions, was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine, with the result that some 1,200 of her complement, men, women and children, British and neutrals, lost their lives. Rightly did the Irish jury charge all concerned with this deed—the officers of the submarine who

effected, and the higher officials who sanctioned it—"with the crime of wilful and wholesale murder before the tribunal of the civilized world." Direct and deliberate killing of the innocent is always murder, an act which no necessity, no presumed advantage can justify. If a State could save itself from invasion and defeat only by delivering over to death an innocent citizen who was obnoxious to the enemy, it could not lawfully do so. The right to life is one of those primary rights which can only be taken from a human being by authority delegated from Almighty God, the giver of life. This authority these assassins of the sea usurped as certainly as did Cain, the first murderer. There is no parallel between this case and that of the innocent victims of shell-fire in a defended and bombarded town. They are not the object of the enemy's attack; their death, if it occurs, is an unintended and secondary result of a lawful military operation. But the *Lusitania* was not a war-ship; there were no armed forces aboard of her: she was not even armed to resist unwarrantable attack; there is no evidence that she carried contraband of war. The utmost that the enemy could lawfully do to her was what the *Emden* had done in regard to other British and French merchant ships, viz., to sink her after providing for the safety of all on board. There is no question here of a mere breach of international law; this abominable outrage, as well as the killing of fisher-crews in smaller vessels, is a plain violation of the law of God. No sophistry can obscure that fact, nor the guilt of those, unless racial prejudice or ignorance excuse them, who rejoice at it or attempt to palliate it.

**Military
Necessity and
Morality.**

Unfortunately, this is only the latest and clearest illustration of a doctrine avowed by Germany at the very beginning of the war, and consistently applied ever since, viz., that military advantage or necessity justifies the setting aside of the moral law. *The German War Book*, translated and edited by Professor J. H. Morgan, contains unimpeachable evidence to this effect. We learn from its pages that the "necessity of war" may be invoked to justify the exposure of non-combatants to the fire of their own forces, the killing of prisoners of war, the refusal to let women and children depart before a bombardment begins, and—surely this is the *ne plus ultra* of military immorality—"the exploitation of the crimes of third persons (assassination, incendiarism, robbery and the like), to the prejudice of the enemy." This doctrine could be thus unblushingly formulated only by minds which had wholly abandoned Christian principle as a guide and rule of conduct. It makes the State the supreme end and interest. It eliminates God altogether from the government of human affairs. It is the assertion of Might against

Right. It is common enough in all lands, but only here do we see it formally elevated to the position of law for the inspiration of the soldiers of a great Empire. Martyred Belgium is a lurid commentary on it. The forty murdered babies of the *Lusitania* point its moral.

Its apologists say that the destruction of innocent lives is an inevitable feature of submarine warfare. The submarine cannot stop to parley; unless it gets its blow in against large vessels suddenly and unexpectedly, it runs a risk of being itself discovered and rammed. It often has no choice but to strike first, and let its victims do their best to save themselves. The sufficient answer to this plea is that whenever an instrument cannot be used without directly killing the innocent, *i.e.*, without committing murder, it should not be used at all. When military exigencies find themselves barred by the moral law it is not the latter that should give way. Doubtless a great many advantages could be gained in warfare by an unscrupulous adaptation of every means to the great end of victory. Plunder of occupied territory, assassination of opposing leaders, abuse of the white flag and Red Cross, and a general policy of "frightfulness" might lead to the speedier defeat of the foe, but Christian morality sternly forbids such excesses. The cases of the trawlers, the *Falaba*, the *Lusitania* above all, illustrate a terrible abuse of a deadly weapon of offence. Submarine warfare as practised by Germany has violated not only international convention, which is a comparatively small thing, but the eternal laws of God.

**The Question
of
Reprisals.**

It is clear on the other hand that, even though an enemy by violating the moral law should gain some temporary advantage, his opponent is not thereby justified in taking the same course. Two wrongs do not make a right. In warfare against a savage tribe, which recognizes no restraint of Christian principle, a civilized force may not descend to savage methods, such as torture, assassination, enslavement, mutilation, which are radically immoral. Accordingly, we could not lawfully employ submarines, were opportunity given us, against enemy merchantmen as the Germans do. They tell us that, by stopping all food supplies, as far as we can, from entering Germany, we are equivalently exposing the non-combatant therein to death from starvation, and cannot honestly complain if our non-combatants are drowned by German reprisals. The cases are not parallel. Our naval strength enables us to besiege Germany as an army does a fortress, and in a siege the investing force is justified in cutting off food-supplies, even though beleaguered non-combatants suffer. So the Germans acted towards Paris in 1871. But in any case, there is no fear of starvation in Germany, for it boasts itself self-

supporting and can still draw supplies from certain neutral countries.

Accordingly, the general principle governing the use of reprisals is simply this, that no one can rightly reply in kind to breaches of the moral law, but if merely positive conventions are broken by one party they cease to bind the other. Now, in the progress of civilization, many conventions have been formed which rule out the use of certain instruments of warfare calculated to inflict unnecessary torture. Such as expanding and explosive bullets, saw-bayonets, chain-shot, etc., and especially the employment of poison and the propagation of disease. It cannot, however, be said that the use of such methods, if confined to the actual combatants and apart from the breach of the convention which bars them, is ethically wrong. There are weapons still sanctioned in warfare, notably shrapnel and high-explosive shells, which are eminently calculated to cause unnecessary suffering, and such instruments are becoming more and more deadly and destructive. Consequently, if an enemy reverts to barbarous practices long banned and discarded, such as attack by fire, or to new inventions, such as poisonous gases, there is no law to forbid the employment of similar weapons against him. The only question is whether the interests of civilization itself do not demand abstention from such practices, and that is a question for the commander in the field to settle. The moralist must leave him a free hand. It is nevertheless to be regretted that the Allies cannot apparently afford to dispense with retaliatory gas-poisoning. Warfare is brutal enough as it is without adding to its horrors, and it would be deplorable if the present conflict were to degenerate into a competition in savagery with a wholly unscrupulous foe.

**Hooligan
Patriots.**

There is another form of reprisals which the Christian must whole-heartedly condemn on every ground of morality and policy, and that is the attacks on alien shop-keepers in several of our large towns and even in the Colonies, of which the sinking of the *Lusitania* formed the pretext. Some of the rioters may have been stirred to honest resentment by that atrocious crime, especially in Liverpool, where many of the drowned seamen had their homes, but for the most part the wrecking and looting was done by street roughs, viragoes and slum-children. Mr. Asquith voiced the feelings of all decent men when he said in the House on May 13th:

Anything more ill-advised and more discreditable than the outrages in the way of looting and plundering in some parts of the country during the last few days it is impossible for any patriotic man to conceive. That is not the

spirit and those are not the methods by which a sane, sober and self-respecting population deals with a problem of this nature.

The conduct of these hooligans, besides being wholly unjust, has given a weapon into the hands of our enemies which they have not been slow to use, and rendered the fate of British prisoners in Germany still more unenviable. And yet certain London papers have not scrupled to approve of this mob-violence and to proclaim a vendetta. The high resolve and purpose with which we entered upon this war had to contend from the first with a mean spirit of commercialism which saw its opportunity in the temporary extinction of a formidable rival. And now a deplorable gospel of race-hatred is being preached amongst us, originating it may be from the similar cult in Germany, but far worse in its probable moral effects than the poison-gas of its armies. "The Germans," cries one ranter,¹ "have placed themselves outside the pale of civilization, and they must be crushed out of existence." "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," shrieks a lady in the *Times*,² who remains apparently in the pre-Christian stage of ethical development. These hot-heads seem incapable of taking a sane and common-sense view of affairs. How can you "crush out of existence" some hundred millions of a sturdy and prolific race, even if it were desirable? Foul as the German methods of warfare sometimes are, only the military authorities are responsible for them. The poor, press-deluded people that applaud those methods do not know their real character and are merely pathetic in their eager and honest patriotism. Being told, for instance, that the *Lusitania* was an armed cruiser, what wonder that they rejoice in her destruction? And the press that caters for them finds much in our public life to-day that readily bears a sinister interpretation—party quarrels, strikes, horse-racing (now happily stopped), divided counsels, slack recruiting, excessive drinking. Despite the censorship, our wrangling commercialized press provides matter enough, if it is only judiciously selected, to encourage the most pessimistic of our enemies. They are deceived, as we know, by the British habit of grumbling; we can discount that; but a lapse into race-hatred, as exhibited by German-baiters, would be a serious symptom of moral weakening.

**Is Conscription
coming?**

There is no slackening in the toll of death that the war is taking of our manhood. Is there slackening in the supply? With between two and three million of men already under arms, the War Minister has called for another 300,000 to go into

¹ *John Bull*, May 15th.

² May 17th.

training to meet the wastage. There is no doubt that he will get them; still the feeling seems to be growing that, admirably as the voluntary system has acted so far, its operation leaves untouched far too great a number of veritable shirkers—men with health and no incumbrances, but with an undeveloped sense of public duty. The choice no doubt is a serious one; it is a call to heroism, a life of hardship, a certainty of suffering, a prospect of death. Some moral fibre is required to respond; as a consequence, the voluntary system is gradually sifting the finer elements of our male population from the base, and sending it to the sacrifice. These volunteers are undoubtedly the better soldiers for their free choice, they have shown themselves accessible to their country's appeal, they do not wait to be forced, they do their duty, irrespective of the slackness of others. But the question arises—are those others to be allowed to profit by their slackness? "Every idle hand in the country," runs a recruiting advertisement, "is a hand that is helping Germany." Surely those who refrain, as our military system allows them to do, from active service in the field, should be all the more conspicuous for their exemplary patriotism at home. This is a matter of strict obligation. The whole question is put in its true light and perspective in a sermon lately preached by the Bishop of Northampton on "Our Heroic Dead," particularly in the following notable passage:

Now, as I have already said, the moral obligation of the individual citizen is equally imperative whether his Country's call reaches him as a compulsory law or as a free-man's opportunity. The voluntary system does not mean liberty to give or to withhold service. It is not a trap to catch the young, the thoughtless, the adventurous, the brave, and to screen the shirker, the money-grubber, and the craven. If it worked in so ignoble a fashion, it would break down in a month amidst the execration of mankind. Its success depends upon the universal recognition of a universal duty, to place our all at the disposal of our country,—our manhood, our wealth, our industry, our talents, our health, our limbs, our life itself. It is the spontaneous mobilization of an entire people: the self-confidence of a race which knows that its slackers and shirkers will always be a negligible quantity. Thus, from the moral standpoint, the main difference between a voluntary and a compulsory system appears to be this: under conscription the legislator decides for each citizen what form of service he shall render; under the voluntary system the decision rests with the citizen himself. It leaves him to weigh, before the tribunal of his conscience, whatever pleas withhold him from the post of dan-

ger: the plea of age, the plea of health, the plea of domestic ties, the plea of necessary employment in the public interest. Such a decision is always momentous even for the bravest. But for a true man and a true Christian it will never hang long in the balance. Unless the plea for exemption is clear and peremptory, he will find his place in the fighting line.

But what is to be done with those who are not true men and true Christians, with that anti-social remnant which will not, we believe, be a large one when the whole nation realizes that national existence is at stake? With them who will neither fight nor work for the State we have scant sympathy. We should gladly see conscription applied to them, if it could be done in such a way as not to injure the credit of the volunteers by putting the two forces on the same level. Such men are not worthy of khaki.

**The Drink
Muddle.**

It is easy to be wise after the event and to point out where precisely the Chancellor of the Exchequer went wrong in his endeavours to prevent drinking habits from interfering with war-manufactures. But only omniscience is independent of reliance upon hearsay evidence, and Mr. Lloyd George was obviously misguided and misinformed. By an alarmist speech portending drastic action, he antagonized the workers and frightened "the Trade," with the result that his whole agitation has but produced the "ridiculus mus" of a ban on immature spirits, —a measure which regard for public health might have prompted in times of profoundest peace. The ideal of sacrifice made prominent by the King's self-denying ordinance was lost sight of in the clash of material interests, the immensely greater gains which would accrue to the nation by a higher standard of sobriety and a wider use of national resources were obscured by the immediate losses which threatened large classes concerned with the traffic in strong drink. The whole fiasco, as it must be regarded from the standpoint of sound temperance, illustrates once more the highly complicated nature of the Liquor Problem. There can be no doubt that Ireland, on account of its greater poverty, stands to gain more than other parts of the United Kingdom by a diverting of the wastage caused by habits of drink into channels of useful production, yet the whole representation of Ireland protested as one man against a measure designed to lessen that waste. If carried, it would have ruined one of the few national industries left. That, indeed, is the tragedy of the case. In this traffic the antagonism between private interest and national welfare, which it is the aim of good statesmanship to abolish, exists in an acute form, and the solution, as far as State action

can affect it, would seem to lie in some form of State ownership. Otherwise we are in danger of maintaining disease in order to provide work for doctors. Through State ownership alone could the present excessive manufacture which seeks and finds its natural effect in excessive consumption, be checked and brought under control.

It is a singular thing that, whilst all our leaders have been preaching and urging universal temperance on grounds of national need, no sooner is an attempt made to legislate for temperance than a storm of protest is raised. If the advice given by our spiritual guides and the example given by the King had been at all extensively followed, "the Trade" would have been far more completely ruined than by the Chancellor's projected legislation. The State could bear a result of that sort with equanimity, for it would be more than recouped by the increased wealth and productivity of its citizens, but, as things are, cessation of consumption would mean enormous financial loss to the directors and shareholders of the Liquor Traffic. In other words, the real and ultimate obstacles to Temperance Reform are those who have sunk their capital in breweries, distilleries and public-houses, and whose material interests are bound up with an extremely wasteful form of expenditure.

"Souls,"
not
"Hands."

As we have often urged, Temperance Reform by legislation is a hopeless and invidious task unless accompanied by a general reformation of our industrial conditions. Until our working-classes have the leisure and the means to lead proper human lives and cultivate their intellectual and spiritual interests, laws restrictive of drinking will always seem an attack upon one of their few means of relaxation. It is not a noble form of recreation, but they cannot be altogether blamed for taking to it, since they are often prevented by the conditions of their lives from having time or taste for higher forms. Legislation should not tinker at effects but remove causes. We venture to think that if the men engaged on ship-building, munitions of war, etc., were always treated as men and not as machines to be exploited, there would have been no cause of complaint about their output. But they had no guarantee at the start that they were not merely increasing the profits of their employers; hence the deplorable strikes that discouraged our soldiers and heartened the enemy some months ago. And it is possible that slackness has been due as much to excessive strain as to excessive drink. Change the conditions of work, alleviate the monotony, give access to good food and pure drink, allow occasional breaks,—in a word, treat the *hands* as *souls*; then you may justly complain if they show want of patriotic zeal. We cannot be surprised if a class which

for generations has had to fight for a modicum of justice and which, if deprived of the protection of its Unions, would be ground down again remorselessly as are its unorganized fellow-workers beneath the wheels of competition and greed, clings tenaciously to the privileges it has won and needs strong evidence that it can surrender them with safety. The war, which has revealed so much that is rotten in our economic life, has made especially prominent the danger to the State which lies in the class-antagonism developed by a Godless industrialism. It may be to the point to note what Germany does for its non-workers. Little now can be said for its claims to "Kultur," but in industrial efficiency it is still a model. A correspondent to the *Times*¹ gives the following account of a visit paid to Krupp's Ordnance Works at Essen last January:

For the last seven months work has been continued day and night. At fixed hours a halt is called, and the workmen rush to slake their thirst with coffee, which is lavishly supplied by the authorities. At other times milk is distributed with equal liberality. A number of doctors are always on duty, going from one set of furnaces to another, to see the effect produced by the noxious gases set free, and to administer such palliatives or remedies as are required, for it frequently happens that the workers are unable to retain solid food. In extreme cases hypodermic injections are resorted to in the case of the most exhausted. It may be as well to add that the feverish activity and eagerness of the workmen is stimulated or sustained by the knowledge that at the end of each year, or half-year, they will all receive their share of the profits of the great Krupp Company.

We cannot imagine a strike at Krupp's in any case, for it is under military discipline, but it must be owned that those responsible have been careful to anticipate any possible pretext for one.

**War
against
the Poor.**

War breeds troubles of its own, notably that pest, the dishonest contractor, whose one idea of patriotism is to fasten himself like a leech on the body politic and fatten himself out of its needs. But he differs only in the degree of his treason to the commonwealth from all illicit profit-mongers, the whole get-rich-quick tribe, whom, like the poor they exploit, we have always with us. By the disturbance of industrial conditions it has created, the war has brought into prominence again the persistent "sweating" of the helpless toiler that is the curse of our civilization. In spite of the disclosure made before the recent

¹ March 29, 1915.

Royal Coal Commission that owners and merchants had raised the price of coal to an unnecessarily high figure during the winter, we are told that the cost is not to be lowered. This, of course, affects the poor consumer more than the well-to-do. Cost of production and distribution, the Commission showed, had increased by at most 3s. a ton, whereas the retail price was raised by from 7s. to 11s. a ton. Shameless pursuit of private interest like this paves the way to Socialism. The Commission recommended that the Government should assume control of the traffic: it would be a short and easy step from that to the nationalization of the whole industry.

Meanwhile "sweating" in its more familiar guise goes on unchecked. An exhibition at the Caxton Hall, London, lately demonstrated the appalling conditions that obtain in such trades as match-box making, where wages are actually lowered in spite of the increase of food prices. And from Belfast comes a report that "sweated" workers in certain branches of the linen trade who used to receive 1½d. an hour are now paid ½d. only! These are straws floating on the surface of that immense sea of oppression of the poor which is characteristic of our de-Christianized social life. Now we are spending over two million pounds a day, because forced to it by the menace to our national existence. May we have the sense to spend a small fraction of that sum when peace comes to make life worth living for the toiler.

**The Pope
and
the War.**

It is not to be expected that the enemies of the Catholic Faith would allow even a European War to interfere with their malicious attacks upon the Church, and the exceedingly difficult position in which the Holy See is placed by the present international conflict gives them an excellent opportunity for the display of their ill-will. It would seem that certain English assailants of the Papacy find the *Fortnightly Review* the most congenial medium wherein to vent their spleen, for that journal in February printed an abusive article by Mr. Robert Dell called the "Vatican and the War,"¹ and now in May it issues, on the same theme, and inspired by the same *animus*, a paper with the same title from the pen of a kindred spirit, Mr. Richard Bagot. The deliberate aim of both writers is to represent the Holy See as subordinating the spiritual interests of the Church to so-called "political" exigencies, assuming for the purpose of their argument that there is a clear-cut distinction between what is spiritual and what is political, and combining under the latter category all the efforts which are made to secure for the Pope the freedom and independence of which he has been robbed by the Italian Revolution. Joined to this Mr. Bagot has in view

¹ See THE MONTH, April, 1915, p. 423.

the assertion of a traditional hostility between the "Vatican" and England, by which charge, it would seem, he wishes to accomplish, more circuitously and less honestly, the aims of certain fanatical Protestant bodies in England who raised a futile outcry against the appointment of a British envoy to the Court of Rome. Both writers follow the same well-worn tactics; their articles are a tissue of *ipse-dixits*, eked out by the unverified utterances of anonymities and reports of back-stairs gossip. Readers of THE MONTH at any rate know how far Mr. Bagot's unsupported testimony can be trusted.¹ Writers of his type have an intelligible dislike to names and dates and references. All through his present paper runs the unwarranted assumptions that German behaviour in the field can be known beyond the Alps in exactly the same way in which the Allies know it, and should therefore meet with the same whole-hearted reprobation, that no contradictions and counter-complaints, on seemingly as strong evidence, have been made, that every Italian provincial paper and every chance ecclesiastic are qualified to represent the views of the Vatican, that the Papacy has not very good reason in history to regard English policy with distrust, that the present relations of the Italian State towards the Pope are such as cannot reasonably be objected to, and so on and so forth. Relying on the ignorance and prejudice of the average English reader, he tries by mere assertion, and still more, by implication and innuendo, but in no case by proof, to identify the so-called "political" interests of the Church with the cause of Germany, and to represent the necessary neutrality of the Universal Pastor as a secret support of the Central Empires. Catholics can afford to despise both aim and the methods of this virulent writer, whom Dr. Robertson "of Venice" once libelled as a Roman Catholic, and whom no doubt that worthy would now embrace as a brother-in-arms. And non-Catholics, unless their prejudice is such that it needs no outside stimulus, will surely detect in this laboured assault the bitterness that overreaches itself. As a matter of fact, a similar attack by a Milanese anti-clerical, is rightly and strongly rebuked by a *Times* reviewer.²

**Father Petre
and
"God save the
King."**

An interesting article appears in the *Church Times* for May 21, 1915, on the much-debated origin of the National Anthem, which draws attention to possibility of the celebrated Father Edward Petre, S.J., having been the author of the Latin hymn of which our Anthem is an almost literal translation. To be accurate, however, we should put the matter thus: the evidence,

¹ For an exhibition of this writer's mentality, see THE MONTH, March, 1912, p. 312; May, p. 526; 1913, May, p. 521.

² *Literary Supplement* for May 13th, noticing a book *Il Papa, l'Italia e la Guerra*.

such as it is, points clearly to this Latin hymn having been used in St. James's Chapel while Father Petre was stationed there. But before we can consider the question of Petre's authorship as thereby settled, much further evidence seems requisite. In the first place Petre was not the only chaplain at St. James's; Father Warner was also there, so was the Venerable Father Claude de la Colombière, and occasionally others. Any of these might have imported the *rhythmus* from elsewhere: from St. Omers, let us say, where Latin hymns would more easily take their rise than in a chapel in England not intended for the use of those studying Latin. On the whole, then, a Jacobite origin seems almost certain, a Catholic origin highly probable. But as the evidence comes to us, either by oral tradition, or by inference, we cannot be so confident about our conclusion as we should be if we were to find some first hand written evidence on this interesting topic.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS.

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles, 1) expounding Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) exposing heresy and bigotry, and 3) of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Mass: Wine essential for celebration of the [J. H. Fisher, S.J., in *America*, May 8, 1915, p. 86].

Mysticism, Concluding Paper [J. Howley in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, May, 1915, p. 475: See *ibid.* Nov. 1914, Feb. 1915].

Prayers for the Dead [H. Thurston, S.J., in *Month*, June, 1915, p. 597].

Schism, St. Augustine's teaching on [Hugh Pope, O.P., in *Catholic World*, May, 1915, p. 181].

Theosophy, The New [L. de Grandmaison in *Etudes*, Dec. 1914; May, 1915, p. 161].

Trinity in the Synoptic Gospels [S. J. Brown, S.J., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, May, 1915, p. 513].

Usury, The Church and [John A. Ryan, D.D., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, May, 1915, p. 536].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Alsace-Lorraine: Religious Problem there when restored to France [E. Dimnet in *Nineteenth Century*, May, 1915, p. 1072].

Anglicanism: the "Schism" between Hereford and Zanzibar [*Tablet*, May 8, 1915, p. 586]. The Archbishop of Canterbury's "Statement" [S. Smith, S.J., in *Month*, June, 1915, p. 561; *Tablet*, May 22, 1915, p. 653].

Cheyne, The late Dr., Anglican and Bahaist [W. Drum, S.J., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, May, 1915, p. 603].

Evolution and Progress not necessarily connected [E. T. Shanahan in *Catholic World*, May, 1915, p. 145].

Joan of Arc, Blessed, Legends of her survival and marriage refuted [E. Vacandard in *Revue du Clergé Français*, May 1, 1915, p. 202].

Luther, Appreciation of Denifle's work on [Prof. J. M. O'Sullivan in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, May, 1915, p. 460].

"Snowball Prayers," The Evolution of [H. Thurston in *Month*, June, 1915, p. 638].

Socialism: its religious ideal [J. Husslein, S.J., in *America*, April 24, 1915, p. 33].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Alcoholism; relation of, to tobacco-smoking [A. O'Malley in *America*, May 1, 1915, p. 59].

Boy Scouts in Italy: the Movement become anti-Catholic [M. Barbera in *Civiltà Cattolica*, May 1, 1915, p. 265].

Daily Paper, A Catholic: its feasibility strongly urged [L. F. Flick in *America*, April 24, 1915, p. 35; Anthony Beck in *America*, May 8, 1915, p. 90].

Drugs: repressive legislation in U.S.A. [T. J. Ross in *American Rosary Magazine*, April, 1915, p. 389].

France: Revival of Religion in [Church Times, May 21, 1915, p. 567].

Irish Martyrs: Cause of Beatification introduced [M. Kenny, S.J., in *America*, April 17, 1915, p. 6].

Kulturkampf, Lessons for France from the [J. Bricout in *Revue du Clergé Français*, May 15, 1915, p. 289].

Maturin, Fr. Basil, Account of the late [Tablet, May 15, 1915, p. 623; May 22, 1915, p. 655].

Mexico, Present Anarchy in [J. F. Barry in *America*, April 24, 1915, p. 30]. The failure of civilized Governments to prevent anarchy in [P. F. Martin in *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1915, p. 344].

Papal Infallibility and German Atrocities: The *Spectator* corrected [Tablet, May 1, 1915, p. 552].

Peace, The Pope's work for [Civiltà Cattolica, May 1, 1915, p. 257]. Efforts of the Medieval Church to secure [Fr. P. Robinson, O.F.M., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, May, 1915, p. 523].

A Plea for Enforcement of the Hague Conventions [Thos. Barclay in *Nineteenth Century*, May, 1915, p. 1203].

Poland, Sad War-Conditions in [Tablet, May 15, 1915, p. 622].

Pope, The: "The Law of Guarantees" and the War [G. Graziosi in *Civiltà Cattolica*, May 15, 1915].

Portugal: Aftermath of the Revolution: the dictatorship [Tablet, May 1, 1915, p. 554].

Responsibility and its cultivation [L. Désers in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, May 15, 1915, p. 169].

War: the Economics of Luxuries during [Thos. Rose in *British Review*, May, 1915, p. 161]. How Private War was abolished [Scottish Review, Spring, 1915, p. 1]. Catholicism and the War [J. Verdier in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, May 1, 1915, p. 113]. False ethics of German Militarism [Tablet, May 8, 1915, p. 585].

Y.M.C.A.: Further and conclusive evidence as to its Protestant Character [E. F. Garesché, S.J., in *The Queen's Work*, May, 1915, p. 233].

Reviews.

I.—A HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.¹

SOME five years ago Dr. MacCaffrey, of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, brought out a *History of the Catholic Church in the Nineteenth Century*, in two volumes. It was very well done and supplied a want in our Catholic literature. He has now followed it up with a *History of the Catholic Church from the Renaissance to the French Revolution*. This, though it comprises a much longer period, is also in two volumes of about the same size as those of the previous work, that is to say, a work altogether of some 900 pages. We are thus provided within a reasonable compass with a comprehensive history of the modern Church, marked off as such by the dividing line of the Renaissance and the Reformation, which awakened so many new ideals in the popular mind. In his short Preface the author gives an excellent summary of the factors in the situation at the time of the Lutheran Reformation, which determined the final direction it was to take, and the far-reaching control it was to exercise on the course of subsequent religious history. In the first place one must distinguish the true reformation from the false; for all along, and particularly from the beginning of the sixteenth century, there was a true party of reform which felt keenly the deep-seated corruption of morals among clergy and laity, the party whose efforts culminated in the labours of the Council of Trent by which the splendid course of the Counter-Reformation was inaugurated. The movement which has arrogated to itself the name of the Reformation was not inspired by much zeal for the reformation of morals and restoration of Christian life. What became its characteristic features were not contemplated by Luther in the first instance, but grew out of the turn of events. Originally his rage against the Holy See

¹ The History of the Catholic Church from the Renaissance to the French Revolution. By the Rev. James MacCaffrey, Ph.D., Professor of Eccles. History at Maynooth. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. 2 vols. Pp. xx, 419; xiv, 470. Price, 12s. 6d. net. 1915.

which had condemned his fantastic doctrines caused him to take refuge in the principle of private judgment, which he hardly distinguished from a belief in his own personal inspiration. He did not foresee all the disunion and multiplication of divisions which the principle must infallibly lead to, as time went on and rival leaders appeared on the stage. As it was necessary to have behind him a strong material force with which to oppose the Papacy, he began by enlisting on his side the passion for unrestricted liberty which was springing up amongst the peasant class around him, and he prompted them to revolt against the tyranny of their civil rulers. But when the latter, in their attempts to put down this revolt, revealed themselves as the stronger force, Luther changed his tactics, and, addressing himself to the German princes, invited them to take upon themselves that supremacy over the Church, its clergy and its property, which had hitherto been recognized as the prerogative of the Popes. This they gladly did, and thus established the doctrine, so comfortable for despotic and avaricious princes, of Royal Supremacy. The interaction between these two novel principles had the effect of permitting the use of private judgment to those only who were in the condition to exercise a ruler's supremacy. This, at least, was how the principles of Protestantism worked in its earliest period. Later, as the growth of individualism enabled the people to assert themselves more against their sovereigns, the doctrine of royal supremacy had to yield, and the rule of private judgment became much more extended. It is then in the conflict between these two principles that we find the key to explain the long history of Protestant variations in the post-Reformation period, together with the substitution of rationalistic notions in the time of the *Aufklärung*. Even the history of the Catholic countries was affected by it. The spirit of reliance on personal judgments in opposition even to an authority which can give evidence of divine guidance, is very sweet to unchastened human nature, and it has found expression oftentimes in the outbreak of doctrinal systems which the Holy See has had eventually to condemn. So, too, has the disposition to establish a quasi-royal Supremacy over the Church, whose rich offices and benefices frequently proved too tempting for the autocratic minds of Catholic Sovereigns.

The history of the period covered by this book affords abundant illustration of these general facts, as it does also of the

genuine quality of the Reformation that began with the Council of Trent. The clear enunciations of doctrine to be found in its decrees, and the generous spirit of Catholic devotion to which it gave such a stimulus, are discernible in the magnificent, if not unqualified, progress which Catholicism made during these eventful centuries. This is a point of Introduction. It is not necessary to touch on any of the details of the period, which are well known, except to say that, though Dr. MacCaffrey does not profess to rely on original research, he has drawn from the most approved and up-to-date authorities, the names of which he prefixes to the respective chapters. His narrative is thus thoroughly trustworthy, the more so as he is quite impartial in his judgments, even when treating of the distressing controversies between seculars and regulars in this country; and keeps in close touch with his authorities, even for points of small detail. The first volume is on the general history of the period. The second on the history of Catholicism during the same period in England, Scotland, and Ireland. In this latter volume, which is the longer of the two, more than half of the contents is given to Ireland. Perhaps this shortens somewhat unduly the account of Scottish Catholicism. Still in itself this is only natural in a book hailing from Maynooth,—and is a distinct advantage to us all by enabling us to familiarize ourselves with the Catholic history of a people who have been so instrumental in propagating the faith through the North American continent and the British colonies. It is, too, a noble record of Catholic endurance, bringing before us as it does, the details of the long-continued endeavours, up to quite recent times, to deprive a whole people of their faith, and of the heroic constancy by which they held to it in spite of all.

2.—A SELECTION FROM FATHER COLERIDGE.¹

It is superfluous in *THE MONTH* to call attention to the rich treasures of spirituality contained in the Scriptural writings of Father H. J. Coleridge, so many of which were at least sketched in its pages. But now that his publishers have put within reach a choice selection of his works on the Gospels at an exceptionally low price, it is only fitting that we should emphasize that fact. The volumes chosen are seven

¹ See advertisement on cover of this issue.

in number, and embrace practically the whole of Christology. The first, *The Works and Words of our Saviour*, forms a kind of running commentary on the entire Gospel narrative, giving the ripe fruits of the author's years of meditation and research; the other six deal with the Incarnation in detail. *The Preparation for the Incarnation* traces the workings of God's Providence in the times before Christ; *The Nine Months* is devoted to the Motherhood of Mary; *The Thirty Years* deals with the Infancy and Hidden Life; *The Preaching of the Beatitudes* concerns the essentials of Christ's Teaching; *The Passage of Our Lord to the Father* has the Passion for theme, whilst finally *The Return of the King* discusses the Scripture prophecies concerning the last days of the world. The volumes are tastefully bound with new title-pages by Messrs. Burns and Oates, and, though originally costing 5s. 6d. net, are sold for one guinea the set or 3s. 6d. each separately. Religious houses and presbyteries, which have not got the whole original series of the *Life*, and those of the faithful who prefer to go to the Gospels for their spiritual reading, will find in this representative selection the cream of Father Coleridge's great work.

3.—MR. G. K. CHESTERTON'S POEMS.¹

Until the world has agreed on a definition, exclusive as well as inclusive, of poetry, it will always be difficult to decide pontifically whether or not a given writer of verse, whose claims are such as to suggest the question at all, is really a poet. So in considering Mr. Chesterton's *Poems*, a selection of which has been published by Messrs. Burns and Oates, in a daintily printed and bound volume, we may perhaps waive the decision, the more readily because they so abundantly fulfil one of the main functions of poetry, the giving of pleasure. Posterity will settle the points of this particular Pegasus and, maybe, pronounce him a thoroughbred. We can delight meanwhile in his curvetting and his soaring—for he has all the tricks of his trade to perfection, and a winged imagination which few moderns can rival. Imagination indeed is Mr. Chesterton's strongest point; he makes images with the greatest ease and skill, pictures always

¹ London: Burns and Oates. Pp. viii, 156. Price, 5s. net. 1915.

vivid if sometimes blurred in outline through excessive colour.
For instance,—

Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,
Don John of Austria is going to the war,
Stiff flags straining in the night-blasts cold,
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old-gold,
Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle-drums,
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the cannon, and he comes.

Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop,
Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,
Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds,
Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,
Thronging of the thousands up that labour under sea,
White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for liberty.

Vivat Hispania!

Domino Gloria!

Don John of Austria

Has set his people free!

We foresee for this fine poem—"Lepanto"—with its declamatory vigour, its finely rhetorical refrain, and its series of splendid pictures, a long future in the recitation books. But Mr. Chesterton's imagination is not employed in localizing airy nothings: it is generally based on established fact, fact of legend or fact of history, and its flights may easily pass out of the ken of any but a widely-read mind. Moreover, some of his history is very modern, and it may be that some of his allusiveness will be lost in a few years (unless he is edited as a school-book!) with the disappearance from our records of the themes or persons that inspired him. Often enough, too, through apparent carelessness or real inadequacy of expression do his fancies break through language and escape. A fine poem on the effects of our declaration of war, "Blessed are the Peacemakers," is marred by an obscure stanza—

Therefore to you my thanks, O throne
O thousandfold and frozen folk
For whose cold frenzies all your own
The Battle of the Rivers broke.

The pieces represent a wide range. We have a series of personal dedicatory poems, revealing the author's ideals; war poems, amongst which "The March of the Black Mountain" (Montenegro's declaration of war against the Turk, 1913) is already well-known; love poems, printed by permission of

his wife who inspired them; religious poems, which will reveal the author in a new light to many; occasional and miscellaneous poems. In "Rhymes for the Times" Mr. Chesterton's gift of keen political satire and his mordant humour find congenial themes. Pachydermatous indeed must be the politicians addressed in "Antichrist" and "The Revolutionist," if they do not wince under such ferocious banter. The new bureaucracy, too, gets merciless handling in "The Horrible History of Jones," and the new free-thought in "The New Free-thinker,"—

John Grubby who was short and stout
And troubled with religious doubt
Refused about the age of three
To sit upon the curate's knee.

Here of course we are off Parnassus altogether, amongst the foot-hills where the comic muse abides. But hatred of shams is the complement of love of truth, and is one ingredient at least of high poetry. And hatred of shams, whether Mr. Chesterton's verse is serious or humorous, breathes through it always. Moreover the hater of shams extends his dislike to shows, and yearns for essential truth,—to reach *ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem*. Reading Mr. Chesterton one feels that one is in contact with a bold and skilful investigator who yet knows and has secured what has been already found.

4.—SCOTTISH PRE-REFORMATION SCHOLARS.¹

It has been inevitable for many obvious reasons that the history of Catholic Scotland, and especially of its clergy, during the Renaissance period, should have been unjustly neglected and underestimated. Father Forbes Leith has chosen an effectual method of dealing with this deficiency, so unworthy of history-loving Scotland. He simply enumerates books and writers for the period, and to this he appends a long list of Scottish holders of the highest academical honours, almost all of whom are found to be clerics. No more need, after that, to defend by controversial methods the clergy as men of culture. Sparsely peopled as Scotland then

¹ *Pre-Reformation Scholars in Scotland in the XVIth Century. Their Writings and their Public Services. With a List of Graduates from 1500 to 1560.* By W. Forbes Leith, S.J. Glasgow: MacLehose. 18 Illustrations. Pp. 155. Price, 6s. net. 1915.

was, she has left us (in spite of the many endeavours made to blot out those ancient glories) proofs innumerable that "there was no more brilliant period of Scottish history than the quarter of a century during which James IV. occupied the Scottish throne." In an interesting introduction the argument is further explained, and other lines of proof are indicated, *e.g.*, that which might be derived from architecture, the most enduring of all the arts.

Quite convincing though Fr. Forbes Leith is on his main subject, we cannot, nevertheless, feel quite as fully satisfied on some minor points. Notes and illustrative matter are supplied on a scale which is not wholly adequate when the matter has been controverted before. The illustrations (though some are inevitably a little far-fetched) are in themselves quite good. Yet here, too, the letter-press is inadequate.

The cut of the broad Seal of the University of Cambridge shows debased architecture, belonging not to the period which the author commends to us, but to that which he depreciates. This cannot but give rise to misgivings, which, however, a fuller description, or a reference to Birch's *Seals*, might have shown to be of small, or even of no serious importance.

Though Father Forbes Leith's book has not the charm of connected narrative, it will be found that the biographies, or as he styles them, the records "of public services" by the respective writers, contain very much that is both interesting, and will be new to almost everyone.

5.—VISIONS OF GOD.¹

Visions of God is a book of doctrinal instruction, mingled somewhat with thoughts for meditation. It is written by a High Church clergyman who has not lost, as some Anglican clergymen of the present day have, his clear sense of the objectivity and certainty of religious truth. The title *Visions of God* is perhaps a little misleading, for it suggests rather that the author has some theory of spiritual vision which he proposes to expound and defend philosophically, and a Catholic reader notes, not without suspicions of what may be coming, the passage near the beginning which lays down that

¹ By Henry Phipps Denison, Prebendary of Wells. London: Robert Scott. Pp. x, 310. Price, 5s. net. 1914.

"to see visions of God is to see spiritual facts that exist altogether independently of, and outside of, ourselves"; that "these spiritual realities can only be discerned by a special faculty"; and that "we claim to see these visions because we are in possession of that special faculty, having been born again and incorporated into the communion of saints, the body of spiritual men." But into the philosophical nature of that special faculty Mr. Denison does not go, nor does he appear to see the difficulty. What he has in view is such words of the New Testament as "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God . . . neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned"; "you have an unction from the Holy One and know all things." And consistently with this language of the New Testament he tries to fix down the inability of the world to discern the meaning and significance of the Christian dogmas that come home so readily to those who have the gift of faith. Being written by one who has not had the advantage of a Catholic theological training, he makes mistakes sometimes, as where he lays down over-confidently that "if a person is not fit for communion because he is not in a state of grace he is certainly not fit to sing the Lord's song, he is not even fit to say the Lord's prayer." But his endeavour is to be orthodox in the Catholic sense, and he furnishes some useful corrections of popular misapprehensions.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGICAL.

WE welcome very heartily a third impression of Monsignor Ward's **Saint Luke with Introduction and Notes** (Catholic Truth Society: 2s. 6d. net). This is not to be confused with the volume in Father Sydney Smith's New Testament Series, but is one of a projected set undertaken by the C.T.S. some eighteen years ago on a somewhat fuller scale. The work needs no commendation from us; its scholarship and its thoroughness are well attested by its authorship and proved by long use. We wish the present re-issue the abundant success it undoubtedly deserves.

With pleasure we see that the large-scale Pohle-Preuss series of dogmatic text-books has now passed its half-way house with the seventh out of its twelve volumes—**Grace, Actual and Habitual** (Herder: 8s. 6d. net). We need not say that in a most difficult tract of theology, handled with a view to the needs of the general Catholic reader, Dr. Pohle and

his American interpreter walk warily, and are consistently judicious and judicial alike in their treatment of points open to controversy within the Fold. Notably is this the case in the great controversy, *De auxiliis*, wherein, after a full exposition of the various points of view, the author takes strongly the side associated with the great theologians of the Society. In their bibliography of the point they have omitted any reference to the full discussion of the subject some few years ago between certain leading Jesuit and Dominican theologians in Belgium.

The Abbot of Buckfast in *The Personality of Christ* (Longmans: 5s. net) has provided an informal but very illuminating commentary on the *De Verbo Incarnato* as treated by St. Thomas. With great command of language and clear illustration, Dom Vonier has vivified what the lay mind is apt to regard the dry bones of theology, and has brought out that feature in the mystery of the Incarnation which gives it all its significance. Everything that the Abbot writes bears the impress of a fresh and original mind, but on some minor points we doubt if his exegesis can be altogether sustained. For instance, he asserts that our Lord's *Kenosis* consisted essentially, not in His assuming human nature, but in His becoming "a servant." This does not, it seems to us, fully express St. Paul's vivid phrasing in Philippians ii. Our Lord's humiliation consisted both in His becoming man and in His further laying aside what was due to Him in His human nature. We may refer the reader to the note on Phil. ii. 6-8 in the *Westminster Version*.

In spite of all the war can do the English edition of St. Thomas' *Summa Theologica* (Washbourne: 6s. net per volume), which is the work of the Dominican Fathers, continues to appear with praiseworthy regularity. The most recent volume received, Part ii., Vol. i., deals mainly with the philosophy of Human Acts, the rational foundation on which the Catholic theory of Morals is securely based.

DEVOTIONAL.

A very welcome addition to our books for young people is *A Book of English Martyrs*, by Miss E. M. Wilmot-Buxton (Burns and Oates: price 3s. 6d.). In it the stirring story of thirty-two of our *beati* is told, wherever possible, in the actual words of the contemporary records and letters, their lives being grouped together in a series of fifteen chapters, each pivoting on some one point of history appropriate to each. The stories are told adequately and vividly, and cannot fail to spread and deepen that devotion with which it is so important, as Dom Bede Camm points out in his Preface, that our Catholic children should become more and more familiarized. A word of tribute is due to the remarkable illustrations of Mr. Meredith Williams—particularly the frontispiece and the strangely-impressive picture of Father Campion's passage through London to the Tower—and to the general production of the book, which shows that the cheaper as well as the more expensive volumes are participating in that artistic revival in the matter of book-making, which we owe so largely to the House of Burns and Oates.

The pious and learned author of *Pilgrim-Walks in Rome* must have found a subject to his heart in compiling his *Friends and Apostles of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, with their Prayers and other Devotions* (Washbourne: 2s. 6d. net). Father Chandlery takes us right back to the

beginning, for if formulated late, devotion to the Sacred Heart as an eloquent French preacher puts it, "is as old as our Redemption and contemporary with the Heart of Christ." Remarkable, too, is the growing stream of devotion which seems to rise almost continuously from the early middle ages and through the Renaissance and Reformation periods till it bursts out with full flood after 1670. Father Chandlery's excellent index allows one to trace in this movement the touch of almost every great master of the formative theological periods. But most remarkable is the galaxy of modern saintliness he has collected and indexed, united in love and worship of the Sacred Heart. Extending right down to our own day it seems to speak of a pledge and promise, that even in a degenerate age, the fire of Divine love shall not burn in vain.

APOLOGETIC.

In our issue of August last year we expressed a lively regret that works of such first-rate importance in popular apologetics as Father Ernest Hull's should be so inadequately presented to the British public. We have now received from Mr. Herder two more, Father Hull's own *Civilization and Culture*, and the exposure of *Haeckel's Frauds and Forgeries*, which he has written jointly with that capable biologist, Father Assmuth, S.J. Even in their present form, with all its bad paper and poor print they are both quite indispensable to all who have business with Catholic apologetics, and are not dear, considering their bulk, at 9d. and 6d. respectively. But attractively issued, and pushed by such a body as the C.T.S., they should not merely afford material to the apologist, but themselves circulate by the ten thousand and do their own work. The Haeckel volume is a most useful companion, and in some respects a complement, to the late Father Gerard's work, *The Old Riddle*. *Civilization and Culture* is of wider scope, and of special interest at the moment—there is so much that comes nowadays under the uncomplimentary designation of "Kultur," the real roots of which Father Hull faithfully discloses. It is just because the world is now in arms against the opposites of true Civilization and Culture—savagery and barbarism—that we need to clear our minds on the subject all round, and not less in points uncongenial to ourselves than in those in whose regard we have taken up arms.

We welcome to the ranks of Catholic apologists the Rev. E. C. Messenger, whose little book, *The True Religion* (Catholic Truth Society: price 6d.) is as powerful intrinsically as it is full of promise of strong future work. It is a most useful summary of fundamental theology, packed full of matter and covering the whole ground in logical order, simply, concisely and clearly. A useful list of books for further study is appended.

BIOGRAPHY.

The first thing we have to say about Mr. Ernest Gilliat-Smith's *Saint Clare of Assisi; Her Life and Legislation* (J. M. Dent and Sons: price 10s. 6d.) is that it is simply criminal from the student's point of view for a publisher and an author to produce a book like this without even the semblance of an index, or any sort of *apparatus criticus* by way of a bibliography, or chronological table, or anything of the kind. For

this is a large work of erudition, the most complete we think on its subject, every page of it filled with names, dates and references, many of them as important for Franciscan history generally as for the life and work of St. Clare. However well-written and well-arranged—and this work is both—it loses the better part of its value as a book of reference owing to the inexplicable carelessness that has sent it out thus incomplete. Having thus liberated our mind, we are free to say that Mr. Gilliat-Smith's is a very fine piece of work. The utmost attention to dry details, and the most careful and critical scholarship, have not dimmed the lustre in his pages of a figure pre-eminently impressive and pre-eminently supernatural. Whether he is writing of St. Clare herself, or of her legislation, a subject singularly involved and difficult, Mr. Gilliat-Smith remains always vivid, arresting and inspiring, nor are his references to Franciscan and general ecclesiastical matters of the time less uniformly interesting and illuminating. Particularly good is his analysis of the moral condition of Christendom in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and incidentally his two pages upon the characteristics of M. Sabatier as historian—pages which leave of M. Sabatier practically nothing remaining. This book on St. Clare is one that should stand on the shelves of every Catholic library by the side of Father Cuthbert's on St. Francis. Messrs. Dent have done well to produce it at a price distinctly lower than most books of its nature and importance.

The three sketches of the late Mgr. Benson which are united and edited with notes and illustrations in **Memorials of Robert Hugh Benson** (Burns and Oates: 2s. 6d. net) were well worth preserving, and are worthily preserved in this beautiful little volume. Mrs. Warre Cornish writes with great sympathy and insight of his career as a whole, Mr. Shane Leslie, in a shorter essay, discusses with full knowledge Benson's four fruitful years on the mission at Cambridge, and Mr. Richard Howden contributes a series of Anecdotes. From the last-named author we learn with interest that the Monsignor volunteered as chaplain at the outset of the war.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Delayed by the extensive flocking to the colours of members of the teaching profession and the consequent disarrangement of staffs, the second annual issue of **The Catholic Educational Year-Book** (Art and Book Co.: 1s. 6d.) has only just been issued, and can receive only a hurried notice. The pioneer issue last year proved that it had met a felt want, and this year it supplies that want more effectively still. It occupies, in regard to the educational world, the position of the *Catholic Directory* towards the Church as a whole, and it probably proves as indispensable to teachers. It rivals, too, the older work in the cheapness of its production, containing, besides its 500 pages of letter-press, some 70 of scholastic advertisements. The editor, Mr. B. Essington Fay, must be congratulated for having produced an invaluable means of unifying and consolidating Catholic educational effort.

Only a hurried word is possible to greet a newcomer in the journalistic world born to meet a new condition of things in the world of national life,—we refer to the penny weekly review called **New Ireland** (65, Middle

Abbey Street, Dublin). It aims at providing a meeting-ground for all sections of Irish politics, and, whilst itself upholding the ideal of National Self-Government, is ready to open its pages to a temperate discussion of all points of controversy. These aims, in the numbers we have already seen (it started on May 15th), the paper seems in a fair way to fulfil. It is dignified and pleasing in appearance, and its contributors are men of standing and education. We wish the new-comer every measure of success.

Read in the spirit in which manifestly it was written, **A Book of Answered Prayers**, by Miss Olive Katharine Parr (Washbourne: price 1s. 6d.), is felt to be a personal, and so far a convincing, testimony to the value of a great Christian principle. Whether all its readers will be able to adapt themselves to that necessary state of mind is another matter. Miss Parr has taken the risk with her eyes open, as her Preface shows. Anyhow, having once taken the plunge, she is admirably reckless of the consequences. Her answered prayers include the acquisition of her Remington typewriter, the establishment of her now well-known "Heaven in Devon," the discovery of the water-supply for that remote retreat, the acquisition of her "ancient trough," and the publication of *A Red-Handed Saint*, which at one moment it seemed as if the world would have to forego, in consequence of the hard-heartedness of publishers. The volume is embellished with some quite charming pictures, showing us her famous little chapel—the "House of Bread"—her Dartmoor cottage, her typewriter, her fountain, her trough—and incidentally, we think, herself, to say nothing of her cat and her dog and one might almost say everything that is hers. For ourselves, we have read this naïf and very pious little book with edification. But frankly we cannot guarantee that result indiscriminately, especially if a reader should light upon it in an unfortunate mood.

FICTION.

Tales of Brittany, always uplifting, often beautiful, and generally with a touch of sadness under the surface, are the tales **The Giant Tells**, through the medium of "Jehanne de la Villèsbrunne," a name which, rightly or wrongly, we take to be a pseudonym. A particularly engaging figure is the Giant, and ever fresh are the tales he tells. They are a worthy commentary in prose for the lyrics of Théodore and Léna Botrel, and could there be higher praise? Messrs. Burns and Oates have provided illustrations and a format of suitable and very engaging simplicity. (Price 2s. 6d.)

WAR BOOKS.

It is impossible to keep pace with the growing flood of war-books, but before a fresh deluge sets in we take the opportunity of calling special attention to a little volume of personal experiences, exceptionally interesting in their substance and arresting in the manner of their telling. In **Field Hospital and Flying Column** (Putnam's: price 2s. 6d. net), Miss Violetta Thurstan, a lady of remarkable enterprise and ability, as well as a professional nurse, tells the story of her adventures during the first five months of the war. In Brussels during the German entry, in Charleroi during the thick of the bombardment, under escort through Germany, an honoured guest in Denmark, a traveller to Poland by the Lapland route and Petrograd, and serving with a flying ambulance column

through the hottest fighting round Lodz and on the Rawka, Miss Thurstan certainly had her fill of adventure, and her pen, with a simple yet vivid straightforwardness, gives each scene life in the reader's imagination and heart alike. There is much solid information about the war and its problems, particularly on the Eastern front, to be gleaned by the way, as well as many touching stories of heroism and suffering, also some quite choice examples of "kultur." It is pleasant to read Miss Thurstan's references to Catholicism on the Eastern war-front, which seems from her account to suffer under no disabilities. Soon after Christmas a splinter from a bomb and an attack of pleurisy gave Miss Thurstan the opportunity to lay us all under an obligation by writing this book. With its last page she returns to active work. We wish her every success, and hope for a further instalment of her experiences later on.

The importance of the "Oxford Pamphlets, 1914-1915," has perhaps caused the excellent series, of a less technical character, published also by Mr. Milford for the University Press, and entitled **Papers for War Time**, to be unduly overlooked. Nos. 27 and 28 now lie before us, published at the very low price of twopence each, and they maintain admirably the special characteristics and high level of the series—which, as compared with the "Pamphlets," is distinctively and professedly religious in scope. In **Chariots of Fire** Mr. Frank Lenwood calls attention to certain dangers we ourselves have already noted—such dangers as "Bernhardism" on our own side, and forgetfulness of the moral problems involved all round, and not simply at one point, in the conflict. In an admirable pamphlet, Mr. A. Herbert Gray discusses **The Only Alternative to War**, which is not "mere peace," but a "way of life" involving "great, positive and strenuous enterprise." To all Catholics we whole-heartedly commend his suggestive and convincing exposition of what that "way" should be.

A very thoughtful and helpful contribution to our present discussions is the Rev. John Oman's **The War and its Issues, an Attempt at a Christian Judgment** (Cambridge University Press: 3s. net). After Mozley's famous sermon, it seems to us one of the best presentations we have seen by a non-Catholic writer of the religious and moral bearings of the world-struggle, and it corrects one point in which, in our view, Mozley was gravely wrong. The volume is full of suggestive epigram, which makes it at once pleasurable and stimulating reading. Incidentally Mr. Oman more than once exposes the inherent weakness of Anglicanism in the face of a great crisis, though without quite seeing, we suspect, what he is doing. He sees that the "Church of Rome" has wounds to suffer at a time like this which Anglicanism has not, but he does not in the least see how and why.

Since it appeared in our own columns, our readers will already be familiar with most of the matter gathered together in Father Thurston's **The War and the Prophets** (Burns and Oates: 2s. 6d. net). Still, we are sure they will be glad to have it in easily accessible form. Much of the discussion—for instance, on "Brother Johannes," the "Prophecy of Blois," etc.—is, of course, in a sense, a slaying of the slain. But where superstitious credulity is in question we fear there is only too much truth in Myers' lines:

Ah! the sea-snake! A demi-god forever
Smote it, and slew it—and it was not slain.

At any rate, we feel there is nothing superfluous in Father Thurston's renewed attack on mischiefs which, however contemptible in themselves, may be, and too often are, psychologically dangerous. The "Prophecy of St. Malachy" is a different matter, and one of some importance, in view of the halting attitude of some Catholic writers. As our readers will remember, quite apart from the substantial weakness of the story, Father Thurston has discovered fresh evidence which conclusively bursts the whole bubble. This, together with his re-consideration of the latest Continental research upon the subject, gives his work a substantial importance in history and scholarship.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The latest publications of the Catholic Truth Society form a varied and interesting selection. An original and particularly useful issue is the penny tract by Father F. E. Pritchard, whose zeal for all things liturgical is well known to the congregations who have profited by his ministry, entitled **How to follow the Mass**. It is intended to assist non-Catholic visitors to our churches to follow the service, and accordingly takes nothing for granted. In the fewest direct words the nature of the service is explained, and then the sequence of its prayers and ceremonies is set forth, not merely by way of exposition, but with a view to helping the visitor really to pray, and leading him to a desire to participate in fulness in the great Sacrifice. Sufficient of the Ordinary of the Mass is included in English to make the pamphlet a complete prayer-book for its purpose. Some admirably clear illustrations are provided. Father Pritchard's book is the happy expression of a happy thought.

Another penny issue of novelty and interest is Miss Marie St. S. Ellerker's **Some Children of St. Dominic**, an account of the work accomplished so far by the community of ladies, Tertiaries of the Dominican Order, at Corpus Christi House, Leicester. The spirit and aims, and the special scope of this institute, small as yet, but of great promise, are clearly set forth, as well as the trials that beset its foundation, and some of the remarkable fruits it has already gathered. There is much work for Catholic women to do which is difficult to fit in with the rule of an ordinary religious house, and these ladies, to whose devoted efforts we wish every success, have certainly opened up a new line of religious activity very well suited to some of the peculiar exigences of the present day. Miss M. C. C. Calthrop's **Two Catholic Social Reformers, Lacordaire and Montalembert**, is another tract of vivid Dominican, and not less vivid general interest, whose title sufficiently indicates its scope, and another very welcome volume is that of Mother St. Paul, of the House of Retreats, Birmingham, **His Greetings**, a simple yet very far-reaching book of Meditations for the Easter Season. Father Allan Ross' **Life of Father Ignatius Spencer** is a contribution to the literature of conversions which, if rather belated, is only for that reason the more welcome. It well amplifies the story told in one of the best of the C.T.S. earlier books, *Father Dominic and the Conversion of England*.

One of the best pennyworths we have for a long time seen is Messrs. Washbourne's edition of **The Offices of Vespers and Compline for Sundays**, of which it suffices to say that the complete text in both Latin and English is provided, printed with the utmost clearness on thin paper, in forty-eight pages of convenient size.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

ART & BOOK CO., London.

The Catholic Educational Year-Book, 1915. Edited by B. Essington Fay. Pp. 494. Price, 1s. 6d.

BENZIGER BROS., New York.

The Mad Knight. By Otto von Schaching. Translated by K. Denvir. Pp. 176. Price, 1s. 3d. net. *Miralda*. By Katharine Mary Johnston. Pp. 156. Price, 1s. 3d. net. *Like unto a Merchant*. By Mary Agatha Gray. Pp. vi. 278. Price, 5s. 6d. net.

BURNS & OATES, London.

A Book of English Martyrs. By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. Pp. xvi. 244. Price, 3s. 6d. *Poems*. By G. K. Chesterton. Pp. x. 158. Price, 5s. net. *Memorials of Robert Hugh Benson*. By Blanche Warre Cornish, Shane Leslie and other of his friends. Pp. viii. 96. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *The Giant Tales*. By Johannes de la Villébrunne. Pp. xii. 124. *The War and the Prophets*. By Herbert Thurston, S.J. Pp. xii. 190. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *Thirty-one Days*. By Margaret M. Kennedy. Pp. xx. 186. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.

The Holy Gospel According to St. Luke, with Introduction and Notes. By the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Ward. Third impression. Pp. lxvii. 288. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *The True Religion*. By Rev. E. C. Messenger, Ph.B. Pp. 96. Price 3d. and 6d. Also various penny pamphlets.

CONSTABLE, Westminster.

Inventories of Christchurch, Canterbury. Edited by J. Wickham Legge and W. H. St. John Hope. Pp. xx. 380. Price not stated.

DUCKWORTH, London.

A Martyr's Servant. By Arthur Shearly Cripps. Pp. xii. 215. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

GILL & SON, Dublin.

The Crackling of Thorns. By John Condon. Pp. 176. Price, 3s. 6d.

HERDER, London.

The Earthly Paradise. By Rev. John Henry, C.Ss.R. Pp. 77. Price, 6d. net. *Haeckel's Frauds and Forgeries*. By J. Assmuth, S.J., and Ernest R. Hull, S.J. Pp. 104. Price, 6d. net. *Civilisation and Culture*. By Ernest R. Hull, S.J. Pp. 228. Price, 9d.

net. *An Eight Days' Retreat for Religions*. By Rev. H. A. Gabel, S.J. Pp. xiv. 394. Price, 6s. net. *A History of the Commandments of the Church*. By Rev. A. Villien. Pp. xii. 368. Price, 6s. net. *Grace, Actual and Habitual*. By the Rev. Joseph Pohle. Authorised English version by Arthur Preuss. Pp. x. 444. Price, 8s. 6d. net.

KING & SON, London.

The Measurement of Social Phenomena. By A. L. Bowley. Pp. 241. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

LONGMAN'S, London.

The Incendium Amoris of Richard Rolle of Hampole. Edited by Margaret Deanesley. Pp. xxi. 284. Price, 10s. 6d. net. *Types of Christian Saintliness*. By W. R. Inge, D.D. Pp. vi. 93. Sewed, 1s. net; cloth, 2s. net.

MACLEHOSE & SONS, Glasgow.

Pre-Reformation Scholars in Scotland in the XVI Century. By W. Forbes Leith, S.J. Pp. vi. 135. Price, 6s.

PUTNAM'S SONS, London.

Field Hospital and Flying Column. By Violetta Thurston. Pp. viii. 184. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

SOCIETY OF SS. PETER AND PAUL, London.

Sarum Books, Nos. 7 and 9; *St. Albans Books*, Nos. 17, 18, 19, 20, 27. 1d. each. *Southwark Books*, No. 1. Price, 3d. *Bread or Stone*. By Ronald Knox. Pp. viii. 56. Price, 1s. 6d. net.

UNIVERSITY PRESS, Cambridge.

The War and its Issues. By John Oman, M.A. Pp. 130. Price, 3s. net. *Dialect in Swahili*. By Captain C. H. Stigand. Pp. xii. 106. Price, 7s. 6d. net. *Annals of Tacitus*. Bk. IV. Edited by G. M. Edwards, M.A. Pp. xxvii. 152. Price, 3s. net.

UNIVERSITY PRESS, Oxford.

Papers for War Time. No. 27, *The Only Alternative to War*. By A. Herbert Gray. No. 28, *Chariots of Fire*. By Frank Lenwood. Price, 2d. each.

WASHBOURNE, London.

A Book of Answered Prayers. By Olive Katharine Parr. Pp. 104. Price, 1s. 6d. *Friends and Apostles of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*. By P. J. Chandlery, S.J. Pp. viii. 258. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

